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Modern Screen

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BRUARY
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CLAUDETTE COLBERT

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announces

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• 7th Prize	Lenthéric's "Formalité" Evening Bag.
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FRANKLIN PANGBORN • ALEXANDER D'ARCY
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Directed by Norman Z. McLeod

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MILTON H. BREN, Executive Producer • Released thru UNITED ARTISTS

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combined with RADIO STARS

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WILTON, CONN.

I never trust my skin to any soap but Camay. I'm sure Camay's gentle cleansing helps to keep skin fresh and smooth . . . to bring out its natural loveliness!

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ROBERT TAYLOR

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FLORENCE RICE · HELEN BRODERICK
CHARLES BICKFORD

Screen Play by James M. Cain, Jane Murfin and Harvey Ferguson · A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture
Directed by W. S. VAN DYKE II · Produced by MERVYN LEROY

The LION'S ROAR



Published in this space every month

The greatest star on the screen!

We decided that what this country needed was a column. Henceforth, fellow readers, you may whet your screen appetites on some little tid-bits direct from the studios of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

★ ★ ★ ★

CLASS OF '39—attention! What is M-G-M? *Answer:* The leading motion picture company.

Question: What are some of the forthcoming productions of M-G-M?

Answer:

"IDIOT'S DELIGHT" (from the famous play). Starring Norma Shearer and Clark Gable.

"HONOLULU" (wicky-wacky-wonderful). Starring Eleanor Powell with Robert Young and Burns and Allen.

"I TAKE THIS WOMAN." Starring Spencer Tracy and presenting the new glamour girl, Hedy Lamarr.

"ICE FOLLIES OF 1939" (a new idea in musical drama). Starring Joan Crawford and James Stewart.

★ ★ ★ ★

Question? What is the outstanding current production of M-G-M?

Answer: "SWEETHEARTS."

★ ★ ★ ★

Thank you, class! Now there will be a short recess to allow all of you to attend your nearest theatre showing this M-G-M attraction.

★ ★ ★ ★

GIFT-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB

All those who address Leo, M-G-M Studios, Culver City, Cal., will receive a beautiful photograph of Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy, the sweethearts of "Sweethearts."



"Sweethearts" is dedicated to all the lovers in all the world. This is a new idea. Pictures have been dedicated to mothers, to doctors, to families, to boys, to sailors, but never to lovers. Are you a lover? Well, this is National Lover Month. You are initiated when you see "Sweethearts," that glamorous and exciting Victor Herbert musical thrill.

★ ★ ★ ★

It was directed by Sweetheart Van Dyke, produced by Sweetheart Stromberg and written by Sweethearts Dorothy Parker and Alan Campbell.

★ ★ ★ ★

In addition to Sweethearts MacDonald and Eddy, the cast includes Sweetheart Frank Morgan, Sweetheart Ray Bolger, Sweetheart Florence Rice, and that trio of sensational Sweethearts—Herman Bing, Mischa Auer, Reginald Gardiner.

★ ★ ★ ★

This truly big picture has been filmed entirely in technicolor.

★ ★ ★ ★

Love is sweeping the country.

—*Leo*



DOING IT OVER AGAIN

Mary Boland, seasoned trouper, reviews her past

BY MARY JACOBS

IF YOU had your life to live over again, how would you live it? Would you do the same things over again, relive them in the same way? There aren't many movie stars big enough to answer these questions truthfully, but Mary Boland is one who did.

You would think that this woman, loved on the screen for her amusing portrayals of hare-brained women, loved off the screen for her daring wit, still sought by men at an age when most women merely thrill vicariously to their daughters' romances, would have nothing to regret. But Mary Boland feels differently.

As we sat chatting together, an air of peacefulness pervaded the room. Here was ease and luxury, with never a trace of the struggle that has made them possible. And Mary, sitting there, hardly looked old enough to be reflecting upon the years and saying, "If I had my life to live over again—"

Smiling at her secretary she said, "We've often discussed this, haven't we, Jean?"

Jean, a pretty woman in her thirties, nodded.

"Wouldn't it be grand," Mary Boland sighed, "if we could go back to sixteen with the wisdom of the forties? If I could live my life over again, I'd live it in the same way except for my mistakes." She chuckled. "You can see what a silly woman I still am when I tell you that it is only upon my mistakes that I have built anything worthwhile."

"Is there anything you've ever done that you regret?" I asked.

For a moment there was silence.

Mary Boland has built the worthwhile upon her mistakes.

"There's something I haven't done that I regret," she said. The words came haltingly.

"I have moments when I feel sorry for myself because I didn't marry. I miss not having children. If women only know it, they're much better off being married, raising families than pursuing careers, which, after all, are always thankless things.

"What are women to do with themselves in their leisure time? Let them develop their talents and make themselves interesting companions to their husbands. When you're young, time seems inexhaustible. There's so much time to do everything you dream about that you keep putting things off. As you grow older, you realize how little time you have left. I know I get a pang whenever I waste an hour. If I had my life to live over again, I'd say to myself, 'Ah, I'm young, but every hour is precious. I must grab it.'"

WHILE she spoke, her hand touched a yellow rose in the vase beside her, and the petals fell like leaves dropping from a tree in autumn. They seemed symbolical of her unrealized dreams and for a moment I saw Mary Boland as she really was, not the gay, assured woman of the world moving from one success to another, but as a woman who knew how little of the world's blessings she had really acquired.

As though she realized that she was giving herself away, the mask was suddenly back on her face. "How stupid of me," she said, brushing the petals into the palm of her hand and tossing them away. "Another thing I'd change if I had my life to live over again, is to rid myself of my unnecessary sensitiveness.

"When you're young, you make a lot of mistakes, and you feel very intensely about them all. Even today I'm sorry for young people because they suffer so. Sometimes we say, enviously, 'If I could only be sixteen again,' but sixteen is really a horrible age, when people haven't learned to build up defenses against life. As you grow older, the edge goes off your emotions. Nothing can be as devastating as it was when you were very young.

"I'll never forget my early days in the theatre, and how sensitive I was when I was poor. For two years my entire wardrobe consisted of a few old dresses, one hat and one coat. How I dreaded going out to look for work in those clothes! I used to imagine that everyone was looking at me pityingly, laughing at my poor queer get-up." (*Continued on page* 102)

HELL-BENT FOR GLORY! . . . AND HEAVEN HELP THEM ALL!





They roared into each blood-red dawn on fighting wings of glory! Gay, reckless, gallant, they fought, these eagles, for women they had never seen, and for the love they might never know!

WARNER BROS. present

ERROL FLYNN

as the adventurous leader of

"The DAWN PATROL"

with a dashing squadron of famous players including

BASIL RATHBONE

DAVID NIVEN

DONALD CRISP

Melville Cooper · Barry Fitzgerald · Carl Esmond
Directed by EDMUND GOULDING



SCREEN PLAY BY SETON I. MILLER AND DAN TOTHEROH · FROM AN ORIGINAL STORY BY JOHN MONK SAUNDERS ·

MOVIE REVIEWS



★★★ Just Around the Corner

Shirley Temple delivers a bombshell as a dramatic actress in this lively picture. She's still the cute child, but for one brief moment startles you by coyly sweeping her lashes upward in a glance that out-Lamarr's the glamorous Hedy. The object of her affections is Master Bennie Bartlett, her first screen boy-friend.

By the time you've relaxed from the speedy romantic jolt La Temple packs, the story is moving along merrily with Charles Farrell, as Shirley's father, giving very commendable support. Shirley's comedy provides a gay background for a more serious theme—a plea to help America successfully round that corner to prosperity. Shirley industriously pitches in to straighten the kinks out of business with a benefit show. A natural childish mistake in the identity of "Uncle Sam" incites hilarity that couples happily with Shirley's dancing ability.

Bill Robinson's nimble footwork is excellent. The rollicking Joan Davis and Bert Lahr are very funny and Amanda Duff, a newcomer, brings sincerity to her romantic role opposite Charles Farrell. Franklin Pangborn and Cora Witherspoon are delightful. Directed by Irving Cummings.—*20th Century-Fox.*



★★★ Submarine Patrol

For high adventure and genuine thrills here is your picture. It is packed with humor, tragedy, exciting bravery and plenty of suspense. Even if stories of the sea hold no particular appeal, you'll still find enough human interest and informative material to make it worthwhile. The plot is concerned mainly with those ships that escorted munitions boats across the seas during the war. Constantly on the lookout for enemy submarines and ready to do battle at any moment, life in the Submarine Patrol was precarious.

Into the service comes Richard Greene, a playboy with fancy ideas of life in the navy. When he is assigned to the "splinter fleet," the outlook is anything but gay. His ship-mates are a motley, disloyal assortment. As the captain of their slovenly ship comes Preston Foster, out to redeem his court martial by snapping this ill-assorted crew into workmanlike condition. The great climax comes when the men capture the most dangerous enemy submarine afloat.

Nancy Kelly, Preston Foster, George Bancroft, Henry Armetta, and Slim Summerville are excellent. John Ford directed.—*20th Century-Fox.*



★★★ The Cowboy and the Lady

When a poor little rich girl who hasn't had a date for two years meets a cowboy who hails from the land where men are men and women are scarce—well, the fireworks in this case are provided by Merle Oberon and Gary Cooper. The story is not new but it is presented with such freshness and verve that you won't mind.

The daughter of a millionaire with presidential ambitions, Merle Oberon has been wasting her charms on elderly politicians. Bored to distraction, she gets the house-maids, Patsy Kelly and Mabel Todd, to take her on a blind date. And—you guessed it—the lucky girl draws Gary Cooper. With beautiful abandon she forsakes the parental Long Island and Palm Beach roofs for a little home where the buffalo roam.

In the line of picture entertainment, you'll be a long time topping this. Love and laughter are diluted with just the right amounts of sentiment and seriousness. Romantic settings are provided by Palm Beach and the wide open spaces of Montana. Excellent characterizations are delivered by the lovely Merle Oberon and Cowboy Cooper, who has one of his best roles to date in this. There are some grand comedy scenes by a fine supporting cast. Directed by H. C. Potter.—*Samuel Goldwyn.* **More Reviews on Page 10**

BY LOIS SVENSRUD

At Last!
YOU SEE THEM CLASH ON THE SCREEN!



W. C. FIELDS
in
You Can't Cheat an Honest Man
with
Edgar BERGEN
and
Charlie McCARTHY

A NEW UNIVERSAL PICTURE

Coming Soon!

Screenplay by GEORGE MARION, Jr.
Original story by Charles Bogle
Directed by GEORGE MARSHALL
Associate Producer: LESTER COWAN



By ARMIN VARADY
Celebrated Beauty Authority and Cosmetologist



You've seen her—and so have I . . . *the girl who has no "dateless" nights* . . . who seems to draw men to her like a magnet!

What is the secret of her popularity? The key to her mastery over men? Look at her closely, and chances are *it's the loveliness of her face.* Her skin is smooth, and soft. It has a radiance, a glow, that irresistibly lures men, enchants them!

Now I want to ask why you, too, do not strive for the attractiveness which makes this girl admired? And one of the first steps I suggest is a change in face cream! Try the amazing *all-purpose cream* I have especially created to make your skin look more beautiful and more alluring.

This cream is sold in stores under my own name—Varady's Face Cream. And the very first time you use it, you will be thrilled beyond words! *Varady's Face Cream is so light it spreads almost instantly into the skin.* Compounded on a true, basic principle that acts to cleanse thoroughly—to freshen and liven up your skin with a new, radiant glow; to make it appear softer, smoother than you ever dreamed possible.

See for yourself these amazing results! Ask for Varady's Face Cream at all cosmetic counters.

Varady

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What to do ..FOR RED, ROUGH UGLY HANDS!

Use Hess Witch Hazel Lotion! Makes your hands smooth, white, lovable! Redness, roughness start to yield with first application . . . hands begin to look better, feel better, at once! For all chapped skin. Ask for Hess Witch Hazel Lotion at all cosmetic counters. Hess Sales, 427 W. Randolph Street, Chicago.

★★★ The Young In Heart

"The Young In Heart" is a picture that will be thoroughly enjoyed and long remembered. The story in itself has charm and appeal while capable performances by the entire cast and excellent direction and production add further merit.

The unpretentious plot concerns a very old lady who has a great deal of money but no fun in life. She meets Roland Young, Billie Burke, Janet Gaynor and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.,—a family who never have a penny to their names but have a whale of a good time. Though the family's original plan is to get hold of their new friend's money, their parasitical ideas are in for a jolt—and thereby hangs the tale. Though belief in the inherent goodness of humanity pervades the story, it is saved from sentimentality by sincerity and warm-hearted humor.

Making their first screen appearances with noteworthy performances are Minnie Dupree and Richard Carlson. Roland Young's and Billie Burke's characterizations could not be improved upon. Janet Gaynor is excellent and so is Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. Paulette Goddard, in a smaller role, makes a good impression in both appearance and acting ability. Directed by Richard Wallace.—*Selznick-International.*

★★★ Dark Rapture

A complete and thrilling accounting of the Denis-Roosevelt Expedition into the Belgian Congo, "Dark Rapture" is a picture of such unusual calibre that it can be heartily recommended. From the most inaccessible parts of darkest Africa, this expedition has brought a pictorial story of strange peoples and strange lands, never before seen by white men.

The best of the jungle expedition pictures to date, this should prove itself a welcome relief from the regular run of pictures. Many strange and gruesome scenes go to make this picture a genuine, bona-fide thriller. While the picture drags a little in spots it is so packed with unusual shots that it manages to pick itself up nicely again. "Dark Rapture" has been beautifully filmed and recorded by Leroy Phelps, Frank Buck's ace cameraman. The narration is also effective. Most amazing scenes are the feast of the elephants by the pygmies and the scenes of the Longhead and Giant tribes. To lovers of adventure and strange places, this picture should prove itself great entertainment. Directed by Armand Denis.—*Universal.*

★★★ Say It In French

Gay as the proverbial spring day in Paris, "Say It In French" has a zip that turns it into one of the season's comedy hits. The sparkling dialogue and nonsensical romantic entanglements are sufficiently new to set a brisk action pace and perfect casting gives the story complementary smoothness.

Ray Milland, in a tailor-made role, and Olympe Bradna carry the leading romantic involvement as newlyweds who discover they must keep their marriage a secret in order to straighten out the family financial status. Milland, returning to New York with his French bride, finds himself suddenly engaged to a former flame, Irene Hervey, and the resulting confusion provides the entire cast with excellent comic opportunities. Miss Bradna and Miss Hervey share top honors as delightful comediennes, and Mary Carlisle is close behind them in the role of Milland's sister. How they rehabilitate the family fortunes and straighten out the romantic mixups is pleasantly novel and climaxed by plenty of excitement.

The entire cast turn in expert performances and Billy Lee, without saying a word, is briefly a knockout. Directed by Andrew L. Stone.—*Paramount.*

★★★ The Great Waltz

Bringing to picture audiences the life and music of Johann Strauss, "The Great Waltz" is worthwhile entertainment. The music is glorious, thanks to Dimitri Tiomkin's orchestration and to the singing of Miliza Korjus, the European opera star who here makes her screen debut. Judged by popular standards, Miliza Korjus is no movie siren. But, besides her lovely voice, she has great charm and if roles as suitable as this can be found in the future she will have an enviable following.

As the romantic Johann Strauss, Fernand Gravet's performance is notable for its sincerity. Luise Rainer in the role of his wife gives out with some highly emotional histrionics which could have been soft-pedaled in numerous spots. In the supporting cast, Hugh Herbert, Christian Rub, and Lionel Atwill are standouts.

Though the screen play leaves much to be desired, with a plot that does not sustain interest throughout, the music alone more than makes up for dramatic lapses. The dance sequences and photographic effects are exceptionl in their beauty. Light-hearted Vienna dancing to the strains of the Strauss waltzes and lovely scenes in the Vienna woods are additional reasons to classify "The Great Waltz" as excellent. Directed by Julien Duvivier.—*M-G-M.*

★★★ A Man to Remember

And a picture to remember, this one about the life of a country doctor whom fame and fortune have forgotten, but whose memory remains in the hearts of all who knew him. Edward Ellis' performance will long be remembered, too. It is a masterful characterization of the small-town physician whose steadfast loyalty to the principles of his profession net him an annual income of starvation proportions and in many cases the condemnation of his patients and fellow practitioners. It is only in the course of long years that his fine work and unswerving loyalty are appreciated by the townsfolk.

The picture opens with the doctor's funeral services and the reading of his will. From there the story continues in retrospect through innumerable episodes in the physician's life. Each episode is an outstanding bit of human drama, unashamedly emotional but never touching on the maudlin, thanks to the sincere efforts of everyone in the cast and expert direction. Lee Bowman, as the doctor's son and Anne Shirley, his adopted daughter, are outstanding in their respective roles. Granville Bates, Harlan Briggs and Frank M. Thomas are excellent as three prosperous pillars of small-town society whose main delight in life has been to balk the good doctor at every turn. Altogether it is first-rate screen fare. Directed by Garson Kanin.—*RKO.*

★★ The Shining Hour

With an illustrious cast, "The Shining Hour" turns out to be a disappointment. Though individual performances are good, the story has too many complications. Margaret Sullavan provides some of the high points of the picture and manages to make a character of ultra noble intentions believable. Fay Bainter, excellent as always, pulls the prize zanie of the characterizations—that of an old maid set on destroying everything about her. Melvyn Douglas is convincing as an unappreciated husband and Robert Young satisfactory as the younger brother who tries to get all the appreciation.

Joan Crawford appears in a role that

(Continued on page 18)

Here they come!... Roaring for battle or ready for love! Reckless, loyal, swaggering sons of the thundering guns of Kipling's India in revolt!... You've longed for adventure, thirsted for thrills, hungered for red-blooded action. Now join Sergeants *Cutter, MacChesney* and *Ballantine,* the lustiest devils that ever manned a cannon or plagued a woman's heart... in the picture that sweeps like a cyclone across the screen!





"GUNGA DIN"

STARRING

CARY GRANT • VICTOR McLAGLEN

AND

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, JR.

With Sam Jaffe, Eduardo Ciannelli, Joan Fontaine

Screen play by Joel Sayre and Fred Guiol. From a story by Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur. Inspired by Rudyard Kipling's poem.

RKO RADIO PICTURE

PANDRO S. BERMAN, IN CHARGE OF PRODUCTION

PRODUCED AND DIRECTED BY GEORGE STEVENS

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FACE POWDER

sits lightly as a feather—
stays on smoothly all day!

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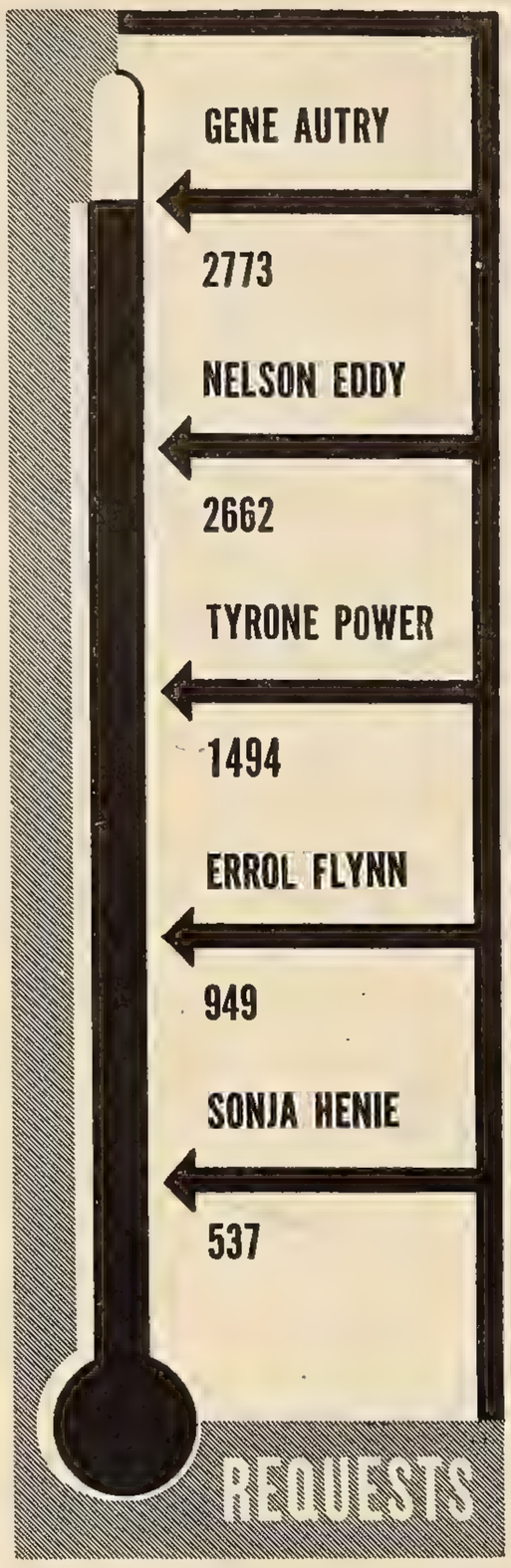
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INFORMATION DESK

Boost your favorite player—send a coupon



LYNNE OVERMAN tried to get into the movies, failed, then by accident made the grade. He was born in Merryville, Missouri, September 19, 1887, and started earning his living as a race track jockey when he was only twelve. He rode the horses in the summer, attended military academy in the winter, and later studied at the University of Missouri. At eighteen he joined a minstrel show and for two years sang and danced with them. Followed stock, dance hall entertaining in Alaska, vaudeville in the States and eventually Broadway in 1916. During the War he enlisted in the Navy, then returned to the stage, acting in New York and London until 1933 when he came to Hollywood. His screen test, however, was considered a flop so he returned to New York, disappointed. He was hardly inside the door at home when a wire arrived summoning him back to Hollywood. A representative from another studio had accidentally seen his screen test and wanted him for a picture. Overman, by this time somewhat dazed, repacked his bags and hied himself back to Hollywood. He did so well in that first picture—it was "Little Miss Marker" with Shirley Temple—that he has been kept busy ever since. Lynne's particular horror is of ever being typed, but he hardly need fear that for he has played practically every kind of male role ever written. His three most recent pictures were "Spawn of the North," "Men With Wings," and "Sons of the Legion." His next will be "Union Pacific." Lynne Overman is six feet tall, weighs one hundred forty-five pounds, has blue eyes and blonde hair. He is married to Emily Helen Drange, a non-professional. What with his long theatrical career which started in Milwaukee back in 1907, and his experience in the Navy during the World War, Lynne has covered a lot of territory in his time. He is now under contract to Paramount Studios, Hollywood, Cal.





ANNABELLA: When this talented little French girl was a mere child, she was an avid movie fan whose one ambition was to become an actress. She didn't know just how to go about it but she started out by producing little matinees in the henhouse behind her Paris home. When not being an impresario she would turn collector of autographed pictures of famous stars. Only, to save time and trouble, she didn't bother the stars—she just autographed them herself. Annabella was born in Paris on Bastille Day (July 14) in 1912. Her real name is Suzanne Charpentier and her father is a newspaperman. Though she is now only twenty-six, she has eight years of screen experience to her credit. At the tender age of eighteen she began playing small parts in French movies. Later she made pictures in England, and four years ago she came to Hollywood to make French versions of American pictures. Nobody paid any attention to her, though. She made her pictures and skipped back to France unnoticed by a whole colony full of movie talent scouts. This time, however, her studio is taking no chances for they've tied her up with a long term contract. Annabella is five feet, two inches tall, weighs one hundred five pounds, has natural blonde hair and blue eyes. She has a gay, fresh charm and is utterly without affectation. She is active and skillful in sports, especially winter sports. She skis, skates, toboggans and also swims, plays tennis and golf. Annabella reads omniverously, plays the piano, loves to garden and is a dog fancier. She studies English continuously. She was married to Jean Murat, the French actor though recently received a divorce. Her last picture was "Suez" with Tyrone Power and Loretta Young. At present she is in England making a picture, but will return after that. Address her in care of 20th Century-Fox Studios, Beverly Hills, Cal.

SEND A STAMPED ENVELOPE FOR NEW ADDRESS LIST

Send a stamped self-addressed envelope today for a new, enlarged list of Hollywood stars with their correct studio addresses. Hundreds of names, including contract and even free lance players. This list has been completely revised and rearranged alphabetically for your greater convenience. It is a convenient size to handle, or keep in a scrap-book. Do you want to write a fan letter, request a photograph, or just trace the studio connections of your favorite players? Then you'll find it indispensable.

To receive one of these lists, all you have to do is write to us and ask for it, enclosing a *large* self-addressed and stamped envelope. *Don't forget* that last item, as no request can be complied with unless we receive your stamped and addressed envelope. Send requests to Information Desk, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.



MISCHA AUER is the grandson of the famous music master, Leopold Auer. His father, whose name was Ounskowski, was a member of the Russian aristocracy and died on the battlefield of the Russo-Japanese War. When Mischa was twelve, he was separated from his mother by the tide of Red Revolution and, for protection, he became a member of a band of parentless children who roamed Siberia. Finally reunited with his mother, he joined her in an attempt to escape from Russia. After weeks of danger and heart-rending struggles they reached the British Expeditionary Forces in the south and Mischa, though still a youngster, served with this army and later worked in a refugee hospital founded by his mother. She contracted typhoid and died, and Mischa, after selling a few jewels to which they had stubbornly clung, made his way to Florence, Italy, to visit friends of the family. These friends cabled his grandfather in New York and that gentleman sent passage money to bring the youngster to America. Mischa was fifteen, but showed the ravages of hardship and hunger. The boy, always interested in the theatre, was soon doing small roles in New York, then toured for two years, arriving in Los Angeles in 1928. He sought work in a film studio and made his screen debut in "Something Always Happens." He has since improved so fast and become so popular that now he hasn't time to fill all the engagements offered him. Mischa Auer is now his legal name. He was born in what was then St. Petersburg, Russia, November 17, 1905. He is six feet two inches tall, weighs one hundred sixty-five pounds, has brown hair and eyes. He is, of course, an American citizen and is married to a non-professional. They have a five-year-old son, Tony. Mischa's hobby is the breeding of Great Dane dogs. Three of his recent pictures were "You Can't Take It with You," "In Society" and "Service de Luxe." His next will be "Three's Company" with Bing Crosby. You may address him in care of Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Millicent Mayes, New Orleans, La. There are several institutions in Hollywood which will help newcomers to find reputable schools, academies and "little theatres" and help you to steer clear of unscrupulous "chiselers" who set all kinds of traps for the uninitiated. The Screen Actors' Guild and Actors' Equity will give very helpful information about little theatres. The California Labor Commission will be glad to supply you with a list of accredited dancing and dramatic schools. They will even give you personal advice on the right schools. The Better Business Bureau will give you similar information. Remember when you go to Hollywood take enough money to keep you a year without working. And guard every way you know how against scheming groups and individuals who make their living off gullible stage-struck boys and girls —and their parents too.

Earl Grey, Wellington, New Zealand. Nan Grey was born in Houston, Texas, July 25, 1920. Her real name is Eschal Miller. She has blue eyes, natural blonde hair, weighs one hundred fifteen pounds, is five feet five inches tall. Address: Universal Studios.

Betty Green, St. Louis, Mo. Charles Starrett

(*Continued on page* 105)

INFORMATION DESK, MODERN SCREEN,
149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

Please print, in this department, a brief life story of:

.....

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... State .....

If you would like our chart listing the heights, ages, birthplaces and marriages of all the important stars, enclose five cents in stamps or coin with your coupon.

WINTER WARNING!

Underarms perspire all year 'round



Popular girls never risk offending.
In winter, as in summer, they use MUM

A MAN—A GIRL! Every chance for romance if that lovely wool dress is always fresh and sweet—free from underarm odor! Even when she sees no *moisture,* a smart girl knows there's danger of *odor.* And she realizes that warm clothes and indoor living actually make this danger worse.

That's why she uses Mum! For in spite of heavy clothing and tighter-fitting sleeves, Mum makes odor *impossible.* With Mum you're *always* nice to be near!

For Mum does what no bath can do—Mum *prevents* underarm odor. A bath removes only *past* perspiration but Mum prevents odor *to come.* Hours after your bath has faded, Mum still keeps you sweet. Mum is so easy, so *dependable!*

MUM IS QUICK! 30 seconds to smooth in Mum, and your underarms are fresh for a full day or evening.

MUM IS SAFE! Mum has the American Institute of Laundering Seal as being harmless to fabrics. And even after underarm shaving, Mum soothes your skin.

MUM IS SURE! Without stopping perspiration, Mum stops all underarm odor. Get Mum at your druggist's today, and know that you're always charming!

NO WINTER WORRIES FOR THE GIRL WHO USES MUM!



For Sanitary Napkins—
Mum leads all deodorants for use on napkins, too. Women know it's gentle, safe. Always use Mum this way, too.

MUM
TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION



Say it with a Clear Skin

OUR SKIN frequently reflects how we feel. In business and social contacts we like our friends to tell us *how well we look.*

The laity now recognizes—as physicians and scientists have for years—the vital importance of rich, red blood, as the foundation of strength, energy, and a clear healthy skin.

for that tired let-down feeling

It is well known how worry, overwork and undue strain take their toll of the precious red cells of the blood.

S.S.S. Tonic brings you new strength and vitality by restoring your blood to a healthy state, and its benefits are cumulative and enduring, in the absence of an organic trouble.

improves the appetite

Further, S.S.S. Tonic whets the appetite . . . foods taste better . . . natural digestive juices are stimulated, and finally, the food you eat is of more value . . . *a very important step back to health.*

You, too, will want to take S.S.S. Tonic to help regain and maintain your red-blood-cells . . . to restore lost weight . . . to regain energy . . . and to give back to your skin that much desired natural glow, reflecting good health and well being.

You should note an improvement at once, but may we suggest a course of several bottles to insure more complete and lasting recovery.

Buy and use with complete confidence, and we believe you, like thousands of others, will be enthusiastic in your praise of S.S.S. Tonic for its part in making *"you feel like yourself again."*

At all drug stores in two sizes. You will find the larger size more economical.

S.S.S. Tonic stimulates the appetite and helps change weak blood cells to strong ones.

BETWEEN YOU



A "new face" in the movie world is just the same "old phiz" to a lyrical fan from Wilton, Maine.

$5.00 Prize Letter

Real Entertainment

I hope the movie people, from producers down to extras, have taken to heart the lesson that the public has taught, through the box-office, during the past year.

The paying public has shown conclusively that what they want first, most and always, is entertainment.

Big spectacles, million-dollar productions and big-name stars don't mean a thing to the constant movie-goer. That is, unless these are coupled with entertainment. At least, that is the way I feel about it, and I think I can consider myself an average movie-fan.

Big musicals, with that monotonous "back-stage life" background, seem to have gone the way they deserved. Such screen veterans as Joan Crawford, who aren't actors or actresses but just names, are fading quickly and surely—they can't give the fans what they want, entertainment.

Such low-cost pictures as the Jones Family and the Hardy Family series show just what the movie public craves—good, plain, down-to-earth acting combined with an interesting plot.

I hope the movie industry goes on to give us less stars who are just names and more people, plain people, who can act and who will give us the entertainment we want. —John C. Treuden, Milwaukee, Wis.

$2.00 Prize Letter

Let By-gones Be

Just "between you 'n' me" why do they bring the old films back? Perhaps that question may sound strange considering the crowds that these reissues are drawing. But, really, does the average fan who attends one of these old pictures truly enjoy it?

Not very long ago I went to see "Smiling Through," which had been brought back by popular demand. The first time I had seen this movie I had been deeply touched. I cried, as a woman will, and was completely carried away by the sympathetic portrayals of Miss Shearer and Mr. Howard as the lovers whom death had parted. I had considered this one of the best stories the screen had ever presented.

Naturally, when I knew it was going to be featured again I went to the theatre to see it. But I was disappointed. The scenes which had once thrilled me now seemed overacted. The clothes, which I had so admired, were now outdated. In parts which were to have been sad the audience laughed. Needless to say, it was a very disillusioned fan who left the theatre that day.

Please stop bringing these old films back. Let the fans keep their favorite movies tucked safely away in memories' treasure chest. Let them enjoy reminiscing the beauty of the old films. But don't bring them back into the scrutinizing light of modernism.—Rena Pacini, Chicago, Ill.

$2.00 Prize Poem

New Faces?

It's none of my biz
But here it is—
They take newcomers
And daub on the paint,
And make 'em look
Like what they ain't.
They want "new faces"
But you'll agree
They all look alike
To you and me!
Same old haircut
Same old "phiz"
Why not leave 'em
The way they is!!

—Ethel Smith, Wilton, Me.

$1.00 Prize Letter

Movies for Young-Marrieds

I wonder if you have any idea what movies mean to the young-marrieds? Before you were married you took movies in your stride—several a week probably—and it didn't matter too much whether they were good or not, for at least it gave you the chance to be alone.

After you're married, though, you shop around for movies and choose them for themselves. When there is coal to be paid for, house rent and, after a time, probably orange juice and cod liver oil, you don't feel like throwing away a dollar on a poor show. Therefore, a movie becomes something to look forward to, and one truth of your courting days still holds good, a picture theatre is practically the only place of amusement where you can recapture that intimate sense of there being only two persons in the world who matter, and those two are yourself and your husband.

And if, for some reason, your feelings have been a bit ruffled before you go, there's a good chance that, as the romance unfolds on the screen, you'll begin to wonder why you were so impatient. For, after all, the man beside you still spells romance, and it's easier to make up in the dimness of the theatre than to say you're sorry when the lights are brighter.

The picture over, perhaps you hurry home so as not to keep the girl who stayed with the young man too late. Then you'll raid the ice-box, bring your cocoa and sandwiches into the living room and, relaxed and gay, talk over the picture. All in all, I think movies should have some award for the Promotion of Married Happiness.—Robert Wortendyke, Albany, N. Y.

'N' ME

Try your luck at winning a cash prize. What do you have to say about the movies and their stars?



From Albany comes the prescription of a good movie to cure young-marrieds' quarrels. Did you ever try it?

$1.00 Prize Letter

Ramon Novarro

The first picture I can really remember seeing is "The Pagan," starring Ramon Novarro. Even to this day I can remember the beauty of the setting, story and music of that picture. For it gave me my first "movie hero," the handsome, charming Ramon Novarro!

Down through the years that followed, Ramon has remained my favorite actor. For he gave to the screen such grand performances as his roles in "Devil May Care," "Mata Hari," "Son Of India," "Laughing Boy," as well as many other fine roles. Surely these portrayals rank on as high a level as most any the screen has ever known. Surely he rates the starring rank he achieved through hard work and splendid performances!

Then he left the screen for a musical tour. I think that was a mistake on his part, for the public is fickle and soon shifts its favor, when an actor is away for a long time. However, he is back on the screen again to stay, I hope, for many years. I'm sure that Novarro fans everywhere are very glad to welcome him back. Unfortunately, he did not receive very good stories for his first two pictures since his return. I, and probably many of his other fans, would like very much to see Ramon in a role placed in a background of his native land. Anyway, I'm rooting for him all the way. So here's good luck to that handsome, talented Mexican star. Viva Novarro!—Genevieve Sayre, Hillside, N. J.

$1.00 Prize Letter

Lynn Bari

A few years ago when Bette Davis first made her debut on the screen a critic accused her of imitating Constance Bennett. This riled Bette, who changed her personality, hair-dress and type of acting, and then scaled the heights of film fame.

Today, there is another glamorous newcomer in exactly the same situation. However, unlike Miss Davis, this starlet is intentionally imitating incomparable Claudette Colbert. Her name is Lynn Bari, who last appeared in "Meet The Girls."

(*Continued on page* 96)

WRITE A LETTER—
WIN A PRIZE

This is an open forum, written by the fans and for them. Make your letter or poem brief. Remember, too, that your contributions must be original. Copying or adapting letters or poems from those already published constitutes plagiarism and will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law.

Following are the prizes awarded each month for the best letters: 1st prize, $5; two second prizes of $2 each; six prizes of $1 each. Address: Between You 'n' Me, 149 Madison Ave., New York, New York.

Soft, Romantic Glow in Harshest Light

Pasty Face
Under brilliant evening lights, color flattens out —make-up goes dead!



"Glare-Proof"
Pond's Rose Shades reflect only the softer rays —add rosy flattery.



A society girl says—"I am never worried about my powder in the brightest light. Pond's Rose Cream never shows up on my skin—always looks soft."

Copyright, 1939, Pond's Extract Company

● Give your skin the soft blush tints men adore—with Pond's Powder. Pond's "Glare-Proof" Rose Shades reflect only the soft, rose-touched rays—look lovely with the new light, transparent make-up.

Two shades: Rose Cream (Natural) for fair skin; Rose Brunette for warmer coloring. 55¢. Also 10¢ and 20¢ sizes. Or send for free samples—Pond's, Dept. 9MS-PBB, Clinton, Conn.





Fredric March dislikes romantic parts.

THEY'RE SO Blue!

What—with all that fame and money? Yes—and they tell their troubles, too

BY KATHERINE ALBERT

THE ACTORS of Hollywood are unhappy. The funny part about it is that they have a right to be. Yes, I know. They earn huge salaries. They live in luxury. They are handsome and famous.

That doesn't alter the case at all. They're still unhappy. What they really want is a chance to do the sort of work they think they can do best. They look at themselves quite honestly, realizing their capabilities and limitations.

Take Bob Montgomery, for instance. You write MODERN SCREEN and ask, "Why do they keep on giving Bob the same role? Why do they always make him the smart cracking gent with a supercillious smile? Why can't we see this good actor in another kind of part?"

Bob wants to know the same thing. He doesn't like that role either. He's sick of it. But what can he do?

Says Bob, "Look here, I've given my studio value received. I think I've earned the right to play a role in which I can honestly believe. When I complain about the parts they keep on handing me they say, 'You show no gratitude.'



George Raft's grievance is really unique. Bob Montgomery, left, doesn't want comedy roles, if you please.

"That isn't true. I'm grateful for every fantastic thing that has happened to me in this amazing business. But if I were as grateful as Hollywood thinks I should be it would be the same as if you sent me a Christmas gift twenty years ago and twice a week I wrote and said, 'Thanks so much for the military brushes. They are just what I needed.' You would be sick and tired of that letter pretty soon—and so would I.

"I'm grateful to Hollywood. But I think I've earned the right to play one role I want to play, and I don't mean some vague and arty job, either. Those light, smart cracking things I've been doing, I can play with both eyes shut. Without conceit, I can do them as well as they can be done, merely because the role itself is so limited. There are a thousand other people who can do them just as well as I."

"And what," I asked, "do you want to play?"

"Well, I'd like to do something like 'Prisoner of Zenda,'" Bob answered. "I want to do it with a light comedy touch. I've a hundred ideas about it. I know I could do it well and that it would be successful."

So that's Bob Montgomery, an intelligent, sound thinking man who can look at himself honestly.

Now take Freddie March—and there are a lot of gals I know who wouldn't mind. Fred is sick to death of the roles he's been playing.

"I'm not the romantic type," he told me, "I can't see myself in romantic roles.

"The thing that amazes me is that I'm always getting them, when there are men, younger, hand- (*Continued on page 100*)

THE KENTUCKY OF GREAT TRADITION HAS INSPIRED A GREAT PICTURE . . .
IN ALL THE SPLENDOR OF TECHNICOLOR!

Proud romance . . . beautiful women . . . chivalrous men . . . magnificent thoroughbreds! The sport of kings climaxing when the silks flash by at Churchill Downs in the famed Kentucky Derby! All against the warm beauty of the Blue Grass country!





Kentucky

with

LORETTA YOUNG • RICHARD GREENE
and **WALTER BRENNAN • DOUGLAS DUMBRILLE**
KAREN MORLEY • MORONI OLSEN
Photographed in TECHNICOLOR

Directed by David Butler • Associate Producer Gene Markey • Screen Play by Lamar Trotti and John Taintor Foote
From the story "The Look of Eagles" by John Taintor Foote

A 20th Century-Fox Picture

DARRYL F. ZANUCK in Charge of Production

Ask your theatre manager for KENTUCKY

IN WINTER...

Let Hinds Lotion help your hands say nice things about you



Even one application makes Chapped Hands feel smoother!

PEOPLE look at your hands and think—"She's well groomed, *hands so smooth!*"...Or—"She's let herself go, *hands so rough!*" Don't let them *stay* that way. Use Hinds. Extra-creamy, extra-softening. Even one application helps soften up flaky chapping, comfort tiny "skin cracks" that sting and burn. Used regularly, Hinds coaxes back the "Honeymoon Softness" that wind, cold, steam heat, and hard water take away. Right now you can try Hinds without risking a cent. Without risking a cent! Do it. Good-Will Bargain (below) is at toilet goods counters.

Copyright, 1939, Lehn & Fink Products Corp., Bloomfield, N. J.

TIME EXTENDED ON GOOD-WILL BARGAIN

Extra bottle with the medium size Hinds!

MONEY BACK—Buy the medium size Hinds. You get a Good-Will *gift* bottle with it. Try the gift bottle first. If it doesn't convince you that Hinds is grand for chapped hands, take the large bottle back unopened, where you bought it—and get *Money Back.*

EXTRA LOTION—Keep both bottles and you get nearly 20% extra lotion—at no extra cost! More of this fine lotion for the money than ever before! Also in 10c, 25c, $1 sizes.

FOR HONEYMOON HANDS



HINDS HONEY & ALMOND CREAM

MOVIE REVIEWS

(Continued from page 10)

offers opportunities of wearing clothes and making men swoon at her feet. The role also provides her with dramatic scope

Undeniably a woman's picture, "The Shining Hour" may be enjoyed by some audiences but not looked upon with much favor by those who like a lighter touch in their screen entertainment. Directed by Frank Borzage.—*M-G-M.*

★★ Straight, Place and Show

Since everyone goes slightly mad at the race-tracks, you can imagine what happens to the Ritz brothers. "Straight, Place and Show" has them completely berserk, and offers a fitting vehicle for their peculiar talents.

Though operators of a pony ring, when the boys chance on a hot tip at the track, they stake their all. Through bad management mixed with good luck, they get the wrong ticket and win $3000. From that moment the dime-a-ride ponies are scorned in favor of the horses. The brothers acquire one of their own to enter the steeplechase. The nag belongs to Phyllis Brooks, a blonde and beauteous heiress, but it's Richard Arlen who pawns it off on the Ritzes. It's a matter of making the deal or losing the girl, for Phyllis is far more stuck on Play Boy (the horse) than on Richard Arlen (the hero).

One of the many high-spots of the film is the wrestling match in which Harry Ritz becomes involved—and we mean involved—in order to earn the required entrance fee for their horse at the track. She's a winner, of course, when Arlen finally rides Play Boy for the $25,000 sweepstakes, but not until all the Ritzes have had a go at being jockeys. It's straight comedy for the brothers Ritz, without sacrificing any of their best shenanigans. Musical numbers are capably handled by Ethel Merman. Members of the supporting cast do their bits with a flourish, but it's a Ritz picture from first to last. Directed by David Butler. —*Twentieth Century-Fox.*

★★ Hard to Get

It's Dick Powell who's hard to get in this particular case and Olivia De Havilland's the girl on his trail. It all starts by Dick, an aspiring architect, but at the moment a gas station attendant, being tough on Olivia, an heiress whom he thinks is trying to gyp him out of a dollar. She's out to get revenge, but after a short exposure to the Powell charms, is out to get him. The picture is based on one of those fool-proof formulas that you've been seeing for lo these many years, but with just enough variation to pass it off as entertaining screen fare.

Dick Powell is likable in a role that allows him to break into only an occasional warble and Olivia De Havilland, prettier than ever, makes the most of every opportunity afforded her by the script. Stealing all acting honors, though, is Charles Winninger. The millionaire father of the heroine, he has just two interests in life—his spoiled daughter and his valet. He is intent on seeing that Olivia doesn't develop into a snob like her mother and younger sister, played, respectively, by Isabel Jeans and Bonita Granville. And he is equally intent upon some day beating the valet, Melville Cooper, at wrestling. Good performances are given by Cooper, Penny Singleton and Allen Jenkins in the supporting cast, while the rest of the characterizations are adequate. Directed by Ray Enright.—*Warner Brothers.*

(Additional review on page 101)

MICKEY ROONEY







DOROTHY LAMOUR RAY MILLAND


JAMES CAGNEY

MERLE OBERON

"I love you





Words torn from the anguished heart of a woman in love . . . words breathing the intense emotion of a proud woman whose pride has vanished in the wonder, the thrilling glory of her first great love . . . the words of the immortal Zaza to her beloved Bernard . . . pouring tumultuously from the screen as Claudette Colbert brings Zaza, gay, reckless Zaza, who loved too well, to thrilling, glorious life in Claudette's mightiest acting triumph, in the year's grandest screen love drama.





more than you love me . . ."

"Don't be modest, darling. There are men women can't leave alone. And you're one of them. Yes, and there are men who can't leave women alone and you're one of those, too!"



Adolph Zukor presents

Claudette Colbert

in "ZAZA" with

Herbert Marshall

Bert Lahr · Helen Westley · Constance Collier

Genevieve Tobin · Walter Catlett

Directed by George Cukor • Produced by Albert Lewin

Screen Play by Zoe Akins • From the Play by Pierre Berton & Charles Simon

A Paramount Picture

MEN DON'T GO

THIS ISN'T," Claudette Colbert said, puffing away at a cigarette, "a man's world, any longer. Today the very phrase sounds musty and old-fashioned. Time was when it was much easier for a man than a woman to get a job. If there was a boy in the family, no matter how many intelligent girls there were, the boy was sent to college and the girls were pushed into the background. But the day of pushing women aside is gone."

We were talking about a recent magazine article which told women "how to be happy in a man's world." A famous woman star had said, "Before I married, I thought this was a man's world. Now I'm sure that it is."

Claudette leaned back in her chair, her dark brown eyes sparkling with amusement. We were sitting in the living room of her Georgian home—an all white home beautifully landscaped, with great green stretches of lawn, and white roses clambering over the fence outside. The living room was done in gray and old rose, with everything, even the flowers and pictures in harmony with those shades—for Claudette likes subdued colors. She wore a simple black and white tailored suit, with a blue crepe blouse and a golden pin at the throat. It was dusk, and the soft lights in the room brought out the reddish-gold tints in her smartly coiffed brunette hair.

"Naturally, each of us sees these matters

Claudette Colbert, with lure

Claudette with Herbert Marshall in a tender scene from "Zaza."



The star and her husband, Dr. Joel Pressman, attend a Benefit.

FOR GLAMOR!

from a different viewpoint," Claudette was saying. "Perhaps if that star's husband had been asked, he would have said, 'This is a woman's world.' I've sometimes heard men complain that today it's the women who get the breaks."

"Do you feel that it's a woman's world?" I asked.

Claudette leaned down to pat her dachshund, Hansi, who had just come into the room. "No," she said, "I don't think so. Today everyone has an equal chance at happiness. Our world is colored by economic conditions. The day of the woman who sits back and does nothing seems to be gone. And that, I believe, is all for the best, because I know of no better recipe for happiness than keeping busy.

"Of course," said Claudette thoughtfully, "I don't mean that all women have to rush out and find jobs in order to be happy, for undoubtedly some of the happiest ones find their greatest joy in running perfect homes. "Sometimes, however,. it isn't economically possible for a woman to devote herself entirely to domesticity. It often takes a long time for a young man to find himself in this modern world, and if women didn't put their shoulders to the wheel, many couples couldn't afford to get married.

"Then, too, some women aren't completely happy unless they have outside interests. I'm afraid I'm like that. I work because I love to. I see no reason why an intelligent woman cannot manage to have both the man she loves and the work she enjoys, if she applies good sense."

I glanced at an old interview Claudette had given me seven years ago, when she was a young actress. The article contained a photograph of Claudette, and the face that stared back at me was sweet and pleasant but very unsophisticated. She looked like a nice young girl trying very hard to appear (*Continued on page 80*)

to spare, claims she knows whereof she speaks

BY DORA ALBERT



Charles Boyer and Hedy Lamarr were a sultry combination in "Algiers."

"HOLLYWOOD'S A DANGEROUS

BY

MARY PARKES

THAT IS a very dan-ger-ous place—Hollywood," said Charles Boyer.

We were standing together on the wide semi-circular deck porch of his new house on the mountain top, a beautiful, modernistic place with circular rooms and a great central loggia, the ceiling of which rolls back exposing the owners to the sun, moon and stars. Below us lay the canyons and lower hills, the distant sheen of the Pacific, the dark crag of Catalina against the horizon and Hollywood spread at our feet. It was then Boyer said, "That is a very dan-ger-ous place—Hollywood."

I thought how well the setting suited him for, at heart, Charles Boyer has always been a man on a mountain top. Unlike Pepe Le Moko in "Algiers," Boyer has never wanted to leave his Casbah, his home, either to follow the wiles of the world or to drink in the applause that would be so eagerly heaped upon him. Not a hermit—for to be a hermit is, often, to be a poseur—and Boyer is guiltless of any affectation of any sort. He is so little exhibitionistic that the limelight spots know only his name, not his presence.

Indeed, he has only gone down from his mountain top three times in the past three months. He smiled and held forth one sockless, sandalled foot and said, "I haven't had on a pair of socks for over two months!"

It occurred to me that Boyer would take his women fans somewhat aback if they could visit him at home. For there is something about his screen personality which pre-

You can take the word of this Frenchman, who's pursued adventure halfway



"I do not like to feel safe," claims Boyer. "It dulls the imagination."



Vivacious Pat Patterson is the lucky Mrs. Charles Boyer.

PLACE" - CHARLES BOYER

supposes a Sybaritic type, a dark and languorous Latin, lounging in exotic robes and exerting a professional charm off as well as on the screen. One would not expect to find him wearing indifferent slacks, a shirt of no particular color, open at the throat, yes, but not the professional open-at-the-throat kind, just a shirt without a tie. He was sitting on the sun-deck reading and smoking his innumerable cigarettes.

It is not that he is less attractive in real life than he appears on the screen. "Those eyes," as his fans say, take care of that. It is that when he is on the screen he is so completely the character he is playing that one can't imagine him any other way. And when he is off the screen he is so genuinely and simply just himself.

He spends his time, he told me, but all of it, "reading madly" books both in French and English, swimming in his pool in the mornings—he is a powerful swimmer—playing tennis—and he has a serve which Big Bill Tilden in his heydey might have applauded. Somehow, this is surprising, too, because one does not expect Boyer to be athletic. But he is. He also has a fine flair for culinary artistry, with intricate sauces, salad dressings and the exact charring of steaks among his proud accomplishments. Add to these unexpected talents his knowledge of horticulture. He pointed with pride to the young trees and flowering shrubs, the annuals and perennials with which he hopes to make his mountain top to blossom like the rose—"mostly with my own hands," he told me. But afternoons he spends with his books. And on occasional, but very occasional, evenings, (*Continued on page* 93)

'round the world and knows a thing or two about the meaning of excite



"A career child, unless carefully guided, is at an overwhelming disadvantage," says our Shirley's mother.

MRS. TEMPLE'S DEEP

Shirley's mother tells a dramatic true story, never before revealed!

ON A MEMORABLE day, two years ago, Gertrude Temple confided to me a dramatic and stirring and poignant story!

Today, a glowing, buoyant Mrs. Temple said to me on the set of "The Little Princess," Shirley's current production, "That story we have been keeping secret—it can be written now. I've never felt so well in my life."

Younger than I had ever known her, with a serene charm which heightened her electrifying energy, she was an inspiring contrast to the anxious, harried, ill woman to whom I talked those many months ago.

It was a throat-tightening story she told, the story of a mother's terror. The story of a mother's heartbreaking but careful preparation to place Shirley's destiny and happiness in the hands of another woman! At that time she revealed that for weeks she had been painstakingly training another woman to replace her in Shirley's life, if the need arose. So casually had she done this that not once did she give a clue to her terrifying suspicions.

Until now, only two people, Gertrude Temple and I, have shared this secret. Now at last, the whole story can be told.

The "Wee Willie Winkie" company was on location. In a wedge of the Santa Susanna mountains, the magic of Hollywood had created a replica of India—of British Forts and Chieftain's strongholds, of the trappings and backgrounds to give the picture authentic flavor.

Gertrude Temple sat in a camp chair in the indifferent shade of a scraggly bush, while below her, in the cup-like canyon, assistant directors marshalled camels and horses and turbaned extras for a scene of triumphant Arab return to their inaccessible hideaway.

Lights. Camera. Action. Mrs. Temple watched Shirley as she climbed laboriously up the rock-hewn stairs, edging away from the flying hooves of the horses and the pack animals. According to the story, Shirley was on her way to call on the Arab chieftain and to plead the cause of peace between his people and the English.

The child stumbled—a bit of action not in the script—and instinctively extemporized some dialogue to explain her misstep. John Ford, the director, nodded in approval, and the cameras ground on.

Mrs. Temple smiled. "That bit wasn't in the script," she explained. "It adds to the scene, doesn't it?" There

BY SONIA LEE



A joyous spirit, warmth, tenderness and sensitivity are a great part of Shirley's charm.

SECRET

It will surprise and touch you

was triumph on her face. And a strange excitement. Her expression betrayed an absorption in Shirley I had never seen before.

I looked at her curiously. I had known Shirley and Mrs. Temple long before the world's united acclaim, long before a curly head and a misplaced dimple and an unerring sense of drama had made this remarkable child a star.

Through the years, I had frequently watched Shirley work. Had seen her electrify hard-boiled directors, blasé electricians, exacting technicians with her amazingly spontaneous talent. I've heard many an old timer mutter to himself, "How that kid does it certainly beats me!"

Never once had I heard (*Continued on page 76*)

WE CALL HIM GLAMOR BOY

BY

NANETTE KUTNER

And believe that you will agree Doug Fairbanks belongs in the spotlight brigade with his qualifications



"I'm an eligible bachelor," Doug admits, "but I'd make a poor husband."

WHEN A national magazine recently ran a spread picturing America's leading glamor boys, they named Alfred Vanderbilt, Jr., and, if memory serves, Woolworth Donahue of the ten-cent-store clan, Eddie Reeves of those grocery millions, several other blue bloods, and Errol Flynn. "They left me out," said Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.

I judged he was sorry.

The editors are entitled to their competent opinion. However, after taking a good look at Mr. Fairbanks, at his gray suit and red tie and his red handkerchief and carnation to match, and listening to his talk (conversation is hardly the word), this reporter nominates him for the glamor brigade. He belongs in that sphere, right up in the front line of spotlight boys of café society. He practically admits it himself. "I am an eligible bachelor," said he.

"I'm not in love," he added. "Why people keep wanting to know that sort of thing is beyond me." He wearily waved one hand. Then, with man-of-the-world tolerance, "They must get a vicarious thrill. Sex starved, I suppose.

"Yes, you can say I'm not in love *today,* but," and he flashed his engaging, even-toothed grin, turned it on as one might twist the water faucets, "I can't tell about tomorrow."

He grinned again. "A girl would be foolish to marry me," he said.

I did not contradict him.

He went on, "I'm selfish."

"In what way?"

"That's my secret. But I'd make a rotten husband. I'm thoughtless and undependable and irresponsible. In fact," and he looked me straight in the eye, "I'm Peter Pan."

This was enough to stump anybody, so I kept quiet.

His clipped words, pleasant sounding, rolled out in his slight English accent, far less pronounced than the last time I had seen him, at the rehearsal of a Rudy Vallee broadcast when Fairbanks, Jr., had but recently returned

Doug with glamorous Gertrude Lawrence.





The languorous Marlene Dietrich and Doug have been pal-ly for years.



Doug and Norma Shearer are neighbors and preview companions.

from London and was more British than Parliament. Now he has toned down, although he still retains a couple of English traits, that of diplomatically evading the answer to a direct question, and being able to speak charmingly, and at great length, about nothing at all.

Marlene . . . as he says the name his voice becomes a croon. She is in Paris and plans returning to this country. When he goes to London they will probably pass each other on the ocean. That was for Marlene Dietrich.

Gertrude Lawrence. Here his voice loses the crooning quality. Like Noel Coward, he calls her Gertie. They have known each other since 1920. She was a friend of his uncle's. So much for Gertie.

Norma Shearer. They are neighbors, just one happy group out there on Santa Monica beach.

He feels people are catty when they say he goes out with older women. These women aren't just older than his twenty-eight years. They are intelligent, he claims. And he often goes out with younger women, but they don't happen to be well known, says he, so nobody knows about them. When asked what obscure young women he took places, he couldn't remember. He did mention Zorina, whom he escorted dancing on his first night back in New York. "She is younger than I," he said. She is also on top, the ballet dancing toast of Broadway. He neglected to mention that.

He is partly right. His women friends are not merely older, but they all have one feature in common. Fame. He evidently prefers this kind (i.e., glamor boys like glamor girls).

He wants to impress you with his utter casualness, his devil-may-care approach to life. This is a pose. When he made "The Rage of Paris," a friend of mine, on the same picture, said that Fairbanks, Jr., a big boy, kidded all through the work. What my friend doesn't know is that during this time Fairbanks made retakes for another picture. And although he was exhausted, with barely five hours a night sleep, he resolutely continued his lighthearted act. For he works at this casualness.

"Twice I've been on top of the movie heap and twice skidded. So I don't take it too seriously."

Again that pose . . . probably due to the Noel Coward influence. If Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., could be anybody else, (*Continued on page 87*)



Hitting la Bennett in "Tail Spin" hurt Alice more than it did Connie—but really!

T'ANKS,

Alice Faye admits that everything she has she owes to this famous New York street

BY GLADYS HALL



Alice always wanted a tall, dark and handsome husband —so Tony Martin!



TENTH AVENOO

ALICE FAYE and Constance Bennett were standing face to face, eye to eye. Two beautiful blondes, Connie as brittle as a faceted diamond, Alice as softly curved as April. They both struck Cagney poses and prepared for battle. Connie let go a stinging blow that caught Alice on the cheek. Alice let go a plushy tap which barely grazed the surface of the Bennett cuticle. Director del Ruth groaned. He called, "Hit harder, Alice. Hit as if you meant it!"

Connie, the trouper, obligingly offered the other cheek. Alice tried again. Perceptibly she girded up her loins and let Connie have it. But still too gently, again pretty much "faked." Then she walked off the set of "Tail Spin," tears in her eyes. She couldn't hit Connie. Alice has to feel what she does and she likes Connie. That's the way she is. That's why you get a lump in your throat when Alice sings sad songs. Because the tears aren't part of her make-up—they come from her heart. That's why her gaiety is infectious too. When Alice acts gay she really is gay.

She told me, "I'm a cream puff at heart. I can't hit anyone I like. It isn't natural." And for Faye, what isn't natural is well nigh impossible.

Gotta-mean-it Faye: that's why she's sitting so pretty among the stars. But that's also why her studio has a problem on its hands every now and again. They will tell you that the difference between a Faye rehearsal and a Faye "take" is that well-known difference between night and day. The rehearsal is as limp and colorless as a dish rag. But when Alice goes into the real take she comes to life, tears, laughter, song, death, hilarity—anything the scene calls for. She's got to give all or nothing.

Her studio has to sell her on herself, of all things, and on the idea that she can do dramatic parts. (Shades of the Swansons, Negris and Naldis, whose egos rampant stormed ahead of them like Bengal tigers at feeding time—those yeasty stars of yesteryear!) Alice made a test for "A Message to Garcia" a couple of years ago—Barbara Stanwyck played the part because Alice didn't believe she could do it! She didn't *want* to be dramatic. She doesn't realize that she is more important now than she was before she made "Alexander's Ragtime Band." She has a sort of complex. She's humble in her own esteem unless she actually feels what she is doing. She hates to say no. Alice does a lot of things she'd rather not because of that. She admits, under cross-examination, (*Continued on page 90*)



The poorest kind of poverty, thinks Alice Faye, is not having anything left to want.

BY

CHARLES DARNTON



No matter what you thought John Payne was like, you were probably wrong.

ONE STAR COMIN' UP

YOU NEVER can tell. Your preconceived idea of a person may be so far wrong that once it's set right you feel like using your head for a football and kicking a little sense into it. That's how I felt after meeting John Payne.

Everything I'd read about him had led me to think Mr. Payne a solemn young man of scholastic profundity whose whole day would be spoiled by a split infinitive and who, by some strange mischance, had been lured from somber halls of learning to glittering Hollywood, there to brood over eventual return and lifelong dedication to differential calculus or dark-green Ibsen matinees.

It didn't help any even to know that a remotely avuncular celebrity had written "Home, Sweet Home." When, from time to time, it had been suggested that I do a piece about Mr. Payne I had taken my cue from that hearth-warming song and locked myself indoors.

But one night I ventured out, not without forebodings, to take a squint at the cinema likes of him in "Garden of the Moon." Imagine, then, my glad surprise at finding John Payne not only a gay and swingtime lad, leading a jazz band and singing for the sheer joy of it, but also the most natural and likable young actor

Meet John Payne, a new light on the Holly-



John makes love to the luscious Olivia De Havilland in "Wings of the Navy."



Two stars in one family is the Payne record. Anne Shirley is the Missus.

it has been the luck of the screen to discover since James Stewart first ambled down the lot.

Of course, "Garden of the Moon" had thrown a new light on him. But it was on the other side of the moon I found the real John Payne. Indeed, he turned out to be real as a tree. Not scrub growth, either, but standing well over six feet and no knots in him. Most of his slim yet sturdy height was barked in old gray slacks, but from the timber-line up he took the air in a half-sleeved shirt, free at the neck as the wide open spaces and unfettered by that coil of masculine civilization, a necktie. His dark hair, tumbling over his eyes like branches in a breeze, recalled something out of the Black Forest, while his face played through its shadows, pleasantly careless of a close shave.

That's what I liked about him—no "side." Still, I took it he must be feeling not a little set up by scoring a success which unmistakably marked him for stardom. "Swell," he admitted. "But after seeing you I'm going to see a doctor."

That didn't sound so good. Seemingly, John Payne had anticipated my insalubrious effect upon him.

"Bum knee," was his reassuring explanation, as he sprawled into a chair and yanked up a leg of his trousers to half-mast by way of introducing Exhibit A. "Had a bit of a fall down in Florida—and was it hot there!—doing a scene in 'Wings of the Navy' with George Brent. I played a young flyer. No music. Suits me fine. Untypes me before I get typed. I spent just as much time learning to act—or trying to—as I did to sing, and I don't want to lose either one."

There wasn't a word out of him about "Garden of the Moon" till I mentioned his hit picture. Then, surprisingly enough, "I haven't seen it. And I don't care to see it. I'm not eager to criticize myself. Willing to let it ride. It was my first break in two and a half years."

Thanks to Dick Powell, who turned the part down flat. Interesting, too, that, in spite of the fact the boy from Roanoke, Va., had run a pool-room (five cents a cue) in the upper reaches of Manhattan during his collegiate days at Columbia, he should have come to Hollywood only to find himself again and again left behind the eight-ball!

"They certainly had me sewed up," he confessed. "After playing the son in 'Dodsworth' I got three other parts, but none of them got me anywhere. I had more money than I could spend, and that was in marked contrast to other days, for," and he twisted a wry smile, "I had not lived a nourishing life. In New York it was anything for a living. When I left Roanoke, I'd saved a couple of hundred dollars, but that wasn't enough to keep me going at Columbia. Having kicked around in various phases of the contemporary young man, I felt I now could do it with comparative ease. Running a pool-room was far easier than running a dormitory switchboard for three dollars a week, room and board. There were more than a thousand numbers. I'd get them all mixed up, then pull the whole thing out and start all over again. When I happened to get a right number I had a wonderful sense of triumph.

"This, unfortunately, was not generally shared by the telephoning students, so I turned (*Continued on page 84*)

wood horizon, and a very misleading young man who will bear watching

A LANE *Alone*

YOU MEAN," said Priscilla, wide-eyed, "that I am not even to mention my sis—ter—not even Rosema—or, er, Lo—"

"Not one word," I said firmly. "This is not to be a sister act. This is to be a solo. A Lane alone. Just you, Pat Lane. I want you to talk only about yourself. The truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth about Priscilla Lane. I'd like you to take your heart out, if you don't mind, lay it on the table and analyze it for me. Spread out your hopes and fears, your likes and dislikes, your virtues and faults, your whims and ambitions, favorite things to eat . . . your loves and dreams."

"A sort of mental and emotional vivisection, eh?" laughed Pat, who is nothing if not quick on the trigger.

"Well, more or less," I said in the slightly martyred tone of one who really doesn't ask very much.

Pat laughed again, mischief in her blue eyes. She wouldn't be poking fun at me now, would she? Then she said demurely, "I am a very popular girl! How'll that do for a take off? I bet I'm the only girl you ever met who has had 720 beaus in one evening. The only drawback to this proud boast being that they didn't come a'calling on me. I went a'calling on them. It was when I went to V. M. I.—Virginia Military Institute to you—with the showing of 'Brother Rat.' The first evening we were there I was the only girl in the midst of 720 cadets. That was really something. I've known what it is to have a couple of boys at a time cut in on the dance floor but when a couple hundred cut in at one time—that was an evening! Wasn't Lilith supposed to be the first woman in the world—even before Eve? Well, that was me."

I said, "And did you eat it up?"

"It was fun," admitted Pat, "and novelty for a girl who'd never had much time to go with boys until she came to Hollywood. But here is the moral of this little tale: It's not my kind of fun—for more than once. I'm not the coquette type. You see, I'm what is called a—a one-man woman. I'm not the date-with-a-different-boy-every-night type. I like to 'go steady' with one boy—one at a time, anyway. I never go out with a boy just because he can take me dancing or to the Troc, for instance. I like to go with one boy and feel at home with him, have companionship and be real friends.

"My idea of the perfect date," said young Pat, "is to wear slacks, go to the beach, raise Cain on the roller coasters, eat hamburgers and frankfurters. I hate to be all dressed up with hat and pocketbook and gloves.

"I can't stand big parties. I'm not very talkative and I'm uncomfortable around big crowds of people. I'm not one of the ready-repartee Rhebas who can go right into a snappy routine of smart small talk.

"I like to be comfortable. That's why I got such a special kick out of making 'Cowboy From Brooklyn.' It was fun, good, down-to-earth, no-frills-about-it fun. I was always in the middle of about fifty cowboys, watching them do their rope tricks. When the picture was finished I knew every rope trick. Didn't have to watch my diction in that picture, either. I could just

"I have an awful lot to overcome," says Priscilla. But her fans think she's pretty much all right just as is.



Fame led all the Lanes to Hollywood, but it was Priscilla, the baby, who really conquered—and there's a good reason why, as you can see

BY MARTHA KERR

relax and be cosy. That's what I like. I hate being fussy about every little detail. Don't you, really?"

"Do you," I countered, "get serious about the boy you are going out with? Do you think you are in love with him?"

"Well," said Priscilla, and now her eyes were level and grave, "I thought I was in love once . . ."

"Wayne?" I asked boldly.

"Yes, Wayne."

There was a brief silence. Then Pat said, "And if you think you are in love it is a kind of being in love—the same thrills, same sadnesses. Wayne was the first boy I ever went steady with, you know. Before we came to Hollywood, when we were with Fred Waring's Band . . . I started with the Band when I was fourteen and now I'm twenty . . . we moved around so often that it wasn't possible to form attachments of any kind, even if I'd been old enough, and hadn't been working so hard.

"Then I came to Hollywood and they sort of threw me into 'Varsity Show,'" grinned Pat. "Then Wayne and I were co-starred in 'Love, Honor and Behave,' remember? That was pretty unbelievable luck. We were called a 'team,' and right away everyone said, 'A romance!' They kept on saying it.

"At first it wasn't a romance at all. But people talked so much about it and kept on writing that we were in love. We did have dinner together every night when we worked late and it certainly was 'propinquity' plus. We got to kidding about it ourselves and the first thing you knew, it wasn't kidding any more. We really thought we were in love. We were on the thin edge of getting married.

"Of course it's a good thing for both of us that we didn't. We were much too young and green.

"I don't like to talk about it," said Pat quietly. "But people have seemed so interested that I'll just say this: there were no hearts broken. Both of us are going out with other people. I'm happier right now than I've ever been in my whole life, and that's saying a lot because I've always been pretty happy. And that's the whole story of Wayne and me. The same kind of story happens to girls and boys in every small town and city in the world. It's only in Hollywood that anyone pays much attention.

"I've learned one lesson, though," said Pat. "I'll never again make any predictions about love—not until I'm telling it to the minister. I don't mind talking about going out with a boy." (Pat is going now with very clever young assistant director and screen writer, Oren Haglund.)

"But I'll not talk about the state of my feelings. It's all too uncertain. It's pretty silly to make predictions about anything involving emotions.

"I'll only say that I hope I won't fall in love for the next two years, because I feel differently about my career now since 'Four Daughters.' In that picture, for the first time, I felt the character I was playing. That did something to me. The next two years of my life will be very important to my career. I want to give most of my time and thoughts and energies to my (*Continued on page 83*)

Oren Haglund is the lucky object of Priscilla Lane's affections. They have great fun.



Wayne Morris and Pat almost got married, but both thought better of it, and no hearts were broken.



For four years, John Garfield turned down movie contracts.

But "Four Daughters" with Priscilla Lane brought him overnight success.



BORN TO BE A MUG

yet John Garfield has grown to be a scholar, a gentleman and an artist

BY FAITH SERVICE

HE WAS born to be a mug. He was born to be a gangster, or, a second-rate prize fighter. Or worse. He was "conditioned" to crime. He lived to be a movie star. The fates had it all fixed for him to end up in prison or as a battered punch-drunk pug. He is an idealist.

He was born in one of the toughest neighborhoods in America, away down town on the lower East Side of New York. He could now pick himself a Beverly Hills "estate" if he wanted to. He doesn't want to.

His mother died when he was seven. His eyes and heart are still scarred with the remembered sight and pain of that piteous death, climaxing a still more piteous life. With his mother's passing went the geranium in the tin can on the window sill—symbol of the sweetness of love for him which strained through her tired heart. Thin striving for beauty which she attempted. With his mother's passing he also "lost" his only brother, Max, a few years younger than John. Max went to live with an uncle in New Jersey. "One less mouth to feed" is money in your pocket on the lower East Side.

His father was a poor tailor who was too closely engaged in endless warfare with the lean and mangy wolf which prowls the tenements to have time to teach his son the Golden Rule, the Ten Commandments, his prayers, how to take a bath, respect women or even to look for the



Stanley Fields, John Garfield and Norman Willis in "Blackwell's Island."



A scene with Beulah Bondi from "They Made Me a Criminal."

stars that shine above the gutter for all the world to see.

He was hungry and poorly clad. He was always too hot or too cold. He was bad, but he was not unhappy because he didn't know what it means to be happy. He must have been content enough because, now, he pities the children of wealth, playing on clipped velvet lawns, alone. He says, "Poor little mugs, they must be lonesome."

At twelve, he was a vegetable-swiping, cop-baiting little hoodlum. Now at twenty-six, he says, "To do honest things is all I ask of Hollywood." Environment! Heredity! Where are you now?

He went to one school after another because he was expelled from one school after another. He was so bad that the mothers in the tenements tried to keep their sons away from him. "He don't teach you no good," they said. Now, in Hollywood, Paul Muni, Spencer Tracy and Jimmy Cagney seek his company for the gifts he has to give. Gifts of idealism, of courage, of integrity.

The guttersnipe has become a sought after gentleman.

In the Bronx, where he lived with his father after his mother's death, he was a source of constant annoyance to the police and to the school authorities of his neighborhood. He was always in trouble and he says now, "It's a wonder I didn't end up in a reform school. I was headed that way. But I'll probably be in trouble in Hollywood, too. Next year or the year after that they'll want me to do something I won't believe in doing and then I'll have to fight. The only difference is that now I'll fight for what I believe is true and honest. When I was a kid, I'd fight for anything. I didn't know the difference."

After school hours he sold the "Bronx Home News" on a street corner. He'd picked the best street corner. He learned to use his fists to good advantage, protecting his stand from kids who thought that they were tougher than he and ganged up on him because they wanted his corner.

He told me, "I kept that corner until I surrendered it of my own accord. I'll keep my stand on what I think's right, too, until I surrender of my own accord. But when that day comes, they'll be planting me."

When he was thirteen, the authorities decided that something would have to be done about him. He had got into contact with two criminal gangs. He says, "I was ripe material for either one of them."

At thirteen, then, he was sent to the Angelo Patri School. Now the Angelo Patri School is an institution to which problem children are sent. Its aim is to straighten out crooked minds in neglected bodies. Most people would try to conceal the fact that they are alumni of Angelo Patri. But not John Garfield.

He says, "I'm proud of it because I'm proud to know Mr. Patri. He's doing one of the finest things in his school that any man has ever done. He's making useful citizens of underprivileged children. He certainly changed the course of my life.

"When I went to the school, I didn't like it. I decided, after two days, to run away (*Continued on page 88*)

HAVE THE MOVIES CHANGED You?

BY

JAMES CARSON

Madeleine Carroll points out that they very easily could—and tells why

"American girls are very lucky," says this British beauty.



Shirley Ross and Fred MacMurray with Madeleine in "Cafe Society."

SHE CAME clean. She'd just had her hair washed. And, of all things for a Hollywood star, it was in a net! Only a defiant beauty would dare risk that before masculine eyes—strange ones at that.

Yet Madeleine Carroll was not too aggressively challenging. She didn't cry out, "I must look a perfect fright!" She probably knew she couldn't. Obviously this British charmer doesn't bother about her off-screen looks—doesn't need to. But there is something more in that shapely head than the gold that was at that moment shining like sunlight through a lattice. Brains, that's what she values—and possesses—besides the beauty reputedly only skin-deep. And right now Madeleine had something on her mind.

"Hollywood is changing women the world over, inside as well as out," she began. "And it's the inside that really matters. So far as actresses are concerned, in England people don't even think that beauty goes with dramatic talent. The most admired and successful young women on the London stage are not beauties. Indeed they're quite plain, and glad of it. Beauty is an asset on the screen, but over there a face like mine, at any rate, is a positive liability."

Her frankness was refreshing, even a bit startling. Here, for once, was beauty unafraid. Better still, it was honest. None of it had come out of jars and bottles. There was no daub of rouge, no smear of lipstick. Madeleine Carroll's color is flung up from an inner glow to light her face with human warmth.

From that lovely presence grew the grateful impression of hearing the woman, not the actress speak. Moreover, she had something to say, and now she was speaking:

"We who make pictures must not be content with beauty alone. We must think of the effects of our work upon people beyond our own narrow horizon, understand what it makes them think and do, how it influences their lives. I have realized this more than ever since my last visit abroad. At the studio it is very difficult to keep tabs on what the world in general is thinking. In Rome, for example, I was asked by ministers of state what the American people thought of this and that, and whether Hollywood was clearly expressing that thought. Their questions made me see Hollywood's responsibilities as others see them. I realized our amazing influence in the world, our almost staggering power."

Yet Madeleine was not staggered by it. Simply, without pose or pretense, Miss Carroll sat there, plainly wrappered and talked about things that most Hollywood stars would not even understand.

"At heart," she added whimsically, "I'm a potential ambassador of good will. In my small way I'd really like to help bring about a better understanding between Hollywood and the outside world. No, I have no mission," laughed Madeleine, "nor am I any kind of a politician. But a nation, it seems to me, is like a person, and may be approached in a personal way. Certainly, if anything can be done to smooth out world-mad conditions, now is the time to do it. This, of course, is only one woman's opinion. Yet women rule Hollywood. They make up at least three-fourths of our film audiences, and women are nothing if not personal."

Although no mere man could hope to be a match for this adroit would-be ambassadress, it seemed quite safe to challenge her on Hollywood's influence on women.

"Hollywood has the most powerful influence in the world on women," was her decisive reply. "This is especially true of young women. In England shop girls, typists and the like are terrifically influenced by American films—in their emotions, their dress and their language. In the matter of speech, for instance, there can be no doubt we're definitely acquiring an international accent. Emotionally, women everywhere, because of Hollywood pictures, are becoming more and more introspective. This has made them much more conscious of their inner needs. I daresay this is all very good for them, but," she laughed, "it probably makes them seem impossible to their poor dear husbands.

"Overly emotional pictures, before censorship was established, had a most harmful influence on inadequately balanced young women. This was only to be expected. Women always put themselves in the place of the heroine. They feel—or make themselves feel—that they would behave exactly as she does in the same situation. Now if the heroine happens to be a decent sort, that's all to the good. But if she's the opposite, it's very much to the bad. Good or bad, women are highly impressionable, so are bound to be affected one way or the other. Of course, the one greatest danger lies in making the heroine do wrong, then letting her get away with it.

WOMEN get far more out of pictures than men do. I'm sure of that. Many impressions soak in unconsciously, things a man wouldn't notice. In watching a picture they see, for instance, the style in which interiors are decorated. In this and other ways their tastes are being formed, though they may not be aware of it. And when it comes to feminine fashions, of course they have both eyes wide open, taking in every detail.

"I doubt, though, whether many women always see what is right or wrong for them. Now in real life I myself dress quietly and simply. But I can't keep to that creed on the screen. It would be fatal. There, clothes, like acting, have to be projected. In other words, clothes must be made to act. If they weren't, no one would pay any attention to them. But it may definitely be bad acting if they're not suited to either the actress or the character. They must be tempered and adapted to both.

"Now I would not, and could not, wear exactly what Joan Crawford wears. Even if I believed her hats and bows and so forth to be just right, it is a certainty they wouldn't be right for me. The same rule applies to others. A girl in the audience seeing Myrna Loy sail down a flight of stairs in a marvelous creation might easily see herself in it. But she ought to have sense enough to know she could never in the world, let us say, get on a bus with it.

"Still I don't see any real danger in that phase of pictures," stoutly maintained Miss Carroll. "Film fashions, the more conscious she becomes of them in relation to herself, may work a wonderful improvement in the girl who studies them sensibly. Or they may at least bring a bit of color (*Continued on page 70*)



Remember the days when hair looked as if it had never been combed?



How much smarter Norma Shearer is in today's simple coiffure.

THE TIME, THE PLACE, THE GIRL

BY MARY MARSHALL

GALS, THIS is going to be an article about such things as suitability and good taste, about not over-doing, yet not under-doing your own individual style. It's about trying to achieve, in clothes, make-up, hair and general grooming, a rightness that fits your type, your environment and the occasion at hand.

One reason I am doing this is because we beauty scribblers are inclined to keep always in the backs of our minds a composite picture of a young, pretty girl who really doesn't need much advice from the likes of us. We rattle on about new shades of lipstick and dabbing on eyeshadow in our efforts to bring you new beauty news and forget two rather important facts.

One is that many a girl who is not-so-pretty, but who nevertheless has her possibilities, is going to take our advice literally and go daubing on some sort of war paint which won't enhance those possibilities at all. Another is that there are thousands of girls and women who simply couldn't "get away with" the hog-wild artificiality in make-up and the elaborateness of coiffure which are fashionable this year.

When I say they "couldn't get away with" such didoes, I'm thinking of—oh, school teachers and nurses, for example, who might lose their jobs if they went in for blue-spruce eyeshadow and a doll hat perched on a Gibson Girl coiffure, of young people in small towns, who'd probably be socially ostracized and dubbed hussies if they went "too far" with make-up.

I'm thinking of the athletic type of gal with the fine figure but plain face, who'd like to fix up a little but who'd feel like a simp with much make-up on. And of plump, comfortable matrons who just naturally are going to stay plump and comfortable the rest of their lives, who'd also like to "do something," to add a little zip to their appearance, but who, again, cannot alter themselves greatly. I'm thinking of all these people.

I think the "do and don't" method of attack, plus a few examples from life, will best put over my points about taste and discretion.

Don't, then, if you are under twenty, wear eye make-up. Why is it young things all want to go *femme fatale* in slinky gowns and lots of paint? I see them all around. Don't put on lipstick in the Hollywood manner—that is, over the edges. Wear lipstick if the "other girls" do, but in as natural a shade as possible, and blot it after you put it on. When may you start, you ask, to get a bit more flossy about make-up—particularly eye make-up, which you feel you sadly need?

Well, if you live in a (*Continued on page 74*)



Pretty Joy Hodges would look much more attractive minus artificial lashes.



A soft, upswept side curl adds height to Deanna Durbin's round young face.

Hair piled high may be all right for formal, sophisticated evenings

—but see in how much better taste Bonita Granville is this way.





GROWN-UP *Juvenile*

BY ROBERT McILWAINE

Herbert Marshall could play character roles—but he doesn't

TIME WAS when all an actor needed was a double-breasted blue suit and a little dialogue," reflected Herbert Marshall. "No, don't protest. I know. I was there. Nowadays, it's an entirely different story. You have to give the cash customers value received or else —or else you're right on the outside looking in at the people who work."

Herbert Marshall knows whereof he speaks, for Herbert Marshall has been around for years, he not only admits, but points out. However, it's little short of amazing to see this middle-aged gent successfully carrying off romantic leads. His contemporaries are playing character roles. And that goes for that scintillating Bill Powell, who usually begins life in a picture with a wife. But, not Herbert Marshall! He still wins the girl in the last reel—which automatically makes him one of 'em. We mean a juvenile—though a grown-up version.

Meeting Mr. Marshall, it is easy to understand why he can so convincingly project that youthful quality. He likes fun. We don't mean the subtle sort, but good, healthy, robust humor. There are those prone to think him pompous, but those are the people who do not know him. On the surface, he may seem as cold as the tuna Clark Gable is forever supposed to have just caught, but when he thaws out a bit, through sympathy and understanding, he's as impulsive as a Wayne Morris.

"I like Hollywood," he began, "but I'm not quite sure how Hollywood feels toward me. Somehow I don't seem to be a sensation out there. Maybe I don't have the right sort of polo shirt, eh? That infernal telephone again. Pardon me. As I was saying, it might be a question of wardrobe and then again, it might be me."

However, we can't help doubting this. Especially when you consider the constant trail of autograph seekers ferreting him out, no matter where he goes. Though, Herbert Marshall is the first to admit he feels darned foolish when he signs for the simple folk.

"You know, there's always some business man who invariably glances over just long enough for me to catch the disgusted expression on his face. That, you must admit, is a bit disheartening. But, then, we actors wouldn't be happy if they overlooked us, either, so what to do about it!

(Continued on page 98)

If Herbert Marshall seems pompous, it's because you really don't know him at all.



"I abhor being a gold fish in a bowl," storms Kay.



Kay and Ian Hunter in their latest, "Curtain Call."

IS *Stardom* WORTH IT?

Kay Francis, who's been cinematically around a long time, gives the answer

BY MALCOLM OETTINGER

OF ALL the incandescent ladies currently twinkling in Hollywood, perhaps none is better qualified to assay the values of stardom than Kay Francis. For a decade or more she has been importantly photographed in minor and major masterpieces stemming from the cameras of Paramount and Warner Brothers. She has given her talents to miniature classics and pretentious disappointments. She has weathered silents, talkies and the switch from sophisticated comedy to costume drama and back. She has had hits and floperoos, triumphs and disasters, yet today she remains pretty firmly entrenched.

In addition to this, Miss Francis has been around. She knows both Paris and London as well as she knows Hollywood and New York. She is possessed of darkling beauty and is, in a word, worldly, as few movie stars are. She does not hesitate to express her opinions, and she knows a number of good words that enable her to express them well. She is decorative but, more important, she is adult in her thinking processes.

When cornered, Miss Francis had just arrived in New York and rather begrudged any time from the theatre, which she was attending matinee and night. However, she agreed to weigh the advantages of stardom against the disadvantages, and you, as the judge, may decide whether stardom is worth while or not.

"Stardom looks alluring when you haven't achieved it," said Kay. "You know the old maxim, distance lends enchantment. It's very true. Not, mind you, that stardom hasn't its virtues.

"First of all, the financial remuneration. Delightful! Money is handy stuff. I don't think I'm mercenary, but when all those horrid bills start piling up the first of the month it's reassuring to know you can write checks with a free hand.

"Then there's the idea of being somebody. Seeing one's name in lights is a thrill, and don't let anyone tell you it isn't. I've yet to glimpse Kay Francis on a marquee without glowing a little inside. Call it vanity, call it pride. Whatever you want to name it, there's a tremendous ego satisfaction in being a star on the lot, instead of one of hundreds of more or less nameless stock players.

"That brings us to the third good reason for enjoying top billing. There are attentions shown the star that are reserved for her only. Portable dressing room, special camera care, special lighting, and retakes when desired. Sometimes you've done a scene that you feel could be better even though the director has let it run. As a star, you're entitled to a retake. If you were a character woman or second lead, you could whistle for it and like it."

Just as Kay was leading one to believe that she is the original glad girl who likes everything, she tacked over to a complaint against being a star.

"One of the unpleasant angles," she said, "is being handed a poor story with the idea that your name and popularity will carry it. That's a very foolish notion. No star is better than her script. Someone once said that no star could survive three flops. *(Continued on page 92)*



Sigrid STEPS OUT

in a new wardrobe that is dashingly different and gracefully seductive

BY MARIAN SQUIRE

Citron colored hat and gloves, sable furs and copper wool are stunning.



Miss Gurie's metal cloth dinner gown is brocaded in gay colored field flowers.

SIGRID GURIE is starting the New Year right, with a "splash" wardrobe designed to wipe out the memory of the loose blouses and peasant skirts assigned to her in "Algiers." No longer hiding her streamlines under a bushel of gathers, Miss Gurie chooses street clothes with an eye to line and femininity.

She starts out with a formal version of the new classic dirndl. "Classic" in fashion language, being a style that keeps cropping up in one form or another for years—like the shirtwaist dress. Miss Gurie's dirndl is a modified version, bearing only a distant relationship to the original, or mealsack effect—and a blessing it is that the designers took it in hand. The dirndl which first swept a gullible femme public overboard, and still persists in some quar-



With this striking black silk jersey frock Sigrid wears a chic Scotch turban.

A bright stitched hat and matching gloves do wonders for a dull costume.



Miss Gurie's black sailor hat sports moire bows of red, green and blue.

ters, unfortunately made girls feel a lot cuter than they looked. The figure required to wear that type of full gathered skirt successfully should be womanly above and very boyish below, and that's a shape that rarely exists outside of fashion sketches.

The model chosen by Miss Gurie is smoothly molded through the midsection, with a slightly full bodice and the skirt gathered low on the corselet. The bodice is crossed high at the throat in surplice fashion, and a large metal flower perches on one shoulder.

The whole is topped by a merry Scotch plaid turban, or rather the 1939 version of a turban. It consists of a saucy roll perched over one eye, with a feather rising from the small, fitted crown. (*Continued on page 97*)

When Shirley sets her mind on anything, no gambler would take odds against her!



ON *Hookin'* A HUSBAND

BY KATHARINE HARTLEY

Shirley Ross—who knows from experience—tells how it's done

IT WAS COCKTAIL time Saturday afternoon, September 17th, and two young people, well known around Hollywood, sat at a small table in the Seven Seas, seeming to listen quietly to the tropical prop rain which dripped from the eaves over the bar, down through the prop palm trees. One was Shirley Ross, recently of "Thanks For the Memory." The other was Ken Dolan, popular bachelor around town, handsome, thirty-five, a successful radio and picture agent, besides.

It's not quite certain what was in Ken's mind at the moment, but Shirley has since admitted what was in hers. She sat there with one elbow on the table, her pretty face propped against her hand, and behind the quiet look in her eyes the thought wheels were turning madly. Shirley, at that moment, was working mental telepathy, or trying to at least. Over and over she repeated to herself, "Now, Ken, now is the moment. Ask me to marry you. Go ahead, Ken. Just to see what I say. Ken, say 'Shirley darling, will you marry me?' Say it, Ken. Darn you, *will* you say it, Ken?"

Now wait a minute. That kind of thought will only confuse him. Start all over again, think it calmly, clearly. "Ken, you know you love me. You want to get married. You know I'm the girl for you. It's just natural you should ask me. Come on, Ken, right now, ask me. Ken darling, ask Shirley. Now, that's right, take a big breath. Oh, now you're going to say it!"

Ken was taking a big breath all right. He was going to say something. She waited, not daring to breathe.

"That was an awfully good movie we just saw, wasn't it? What was the name of it?"

Shirley answered his question, drearily. She took another sip of her cocktail, prepared to start her deep mental work all over again.

This was the last step in her campaign, the last resource. She had tried everything else. A week before she had decided that Ken Dolan was going to propose to her within a week, and the time (*Continued on page 78*)



Ken Dolan may have lost his bachelorhood battle, but he won Shirley Ross.

OFF THEIR *Guard*

Dick Powell looks over the nags at Santa Anita and, remembering Hollywood Park last summer, wonders whether he did the right thing.

RIDING THEIR *Hobbies*

Yes, movie stars have 'em, even as you and I

Look out—it's Paulette Goddard on her way to the studio, and in a hurry, too!

Jeanette MacDonald takes to her garden as the proverbial duck does to water.





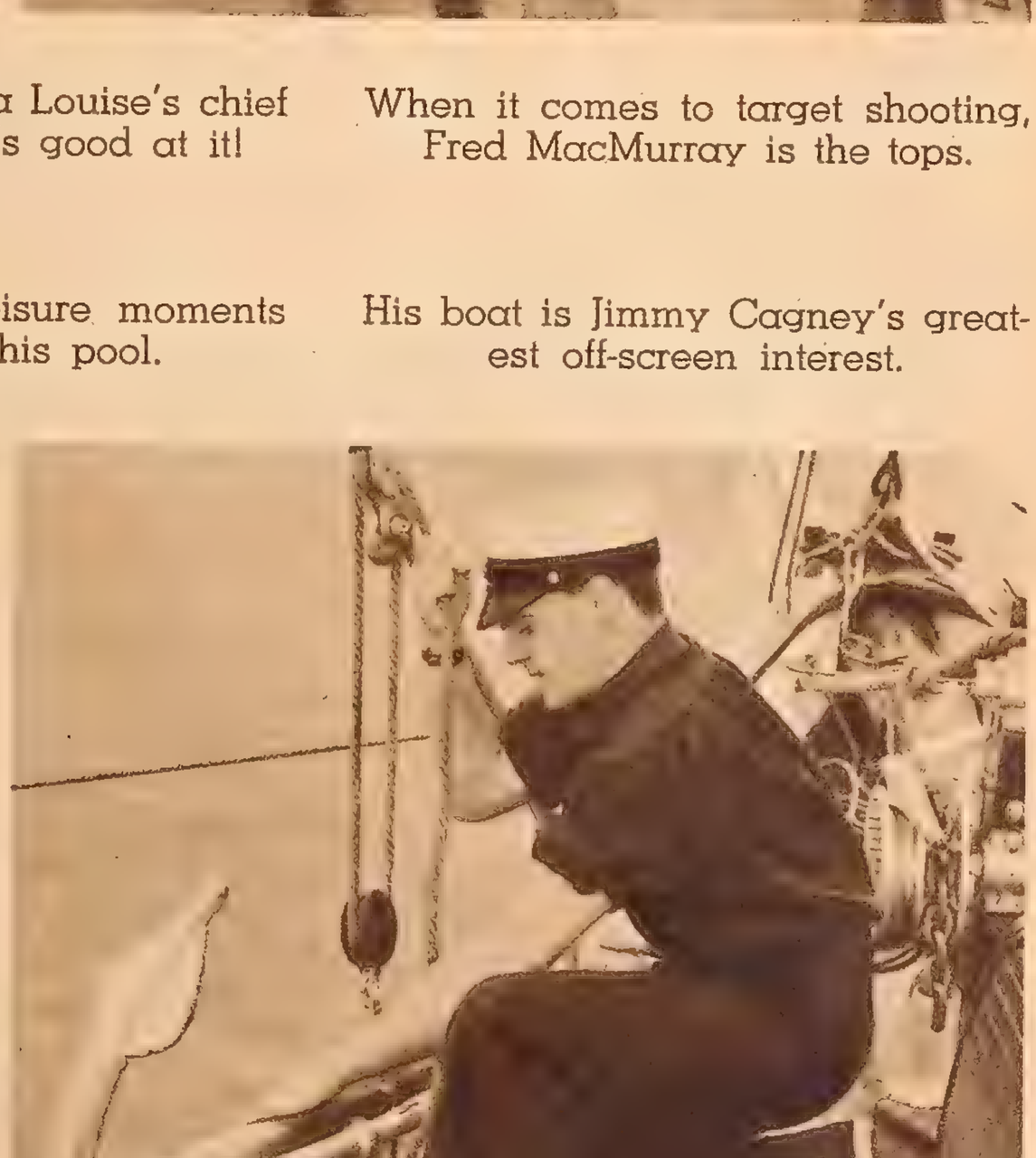
Needlework is Anita Louise's chief hobby. And she's good at it!



When it comes to target shooting, Fred MacMurray is the tops.



Basil Rathbone's leisure moments are spent in his pool.



His boat is Jimmy Cagney's greatest off-screen interest.


JANE WYMAN
LUCILLE BALL
HERE BY
Request
RONALD REAGAN
DICK FORAN



ANN SHERIDAN



ANN RUTHERFORD

Ladeez and gen'men! The attractive players on these pages are here because you've asked them to be—and let it never be said that a potential star isn't an obliging one! Each boasts good looks, personality and acting ability and, with a little more experience, will rate an individual gallery page in MODERN SCREEN.



BILLY HALOP



LOUIS HAYWARD

JANEY AND HER



It's always be-kind-to-animals week in Jane Withers' back yard

Professionally, Jane may be a problem child, but at home on her California ranch, she's the meticulous mistress of a miniature menagerie. She started out with dogs—several varieties of them—but it wasn't long before deer, turkeys, chickens, geese and little mountain burros were answering to her lusty call. We heard at Christmas time that Santa Claus was considering writing *her* a letter, but didn't have the heart—she's *that* attached to every furred and feathered playmate in the lot! Every day Jane dashes home to feed her pets before having her own dinner. All have names, too.







PARIS

THINK BEFORE YOU ACT



BY GEORGE BENJAMIN

Movie stars know how to make haste slowly

YOU MAY have heard of the wisdom of counting ten slowly before answering back, and surmised that what's one man's bad break is likewise to be another's good. But there are stars in Hollywood who actually *know* the truth of the famous adages.

Luise Rainer and Rochelle Hudson are just two of the players who walked into the movies because hotheaded favorites, who acted before they thought, walked out!

Let's consider Myrna Loy, or perhaps, better still, let's consider why Luise Rainer became an over night sensation in "Escapade."

In the vernacular of the Oriental ladies whom the exotic Myrna's enigmatic eyes suggest, her studio tiff may be described somewhat in this fashion: Blig shots do velly much for Loy. Move mountain girl right into drawing-room. Glive her Leslie Howard, Bill Powell and heap glowns by Adrian. Clould girl ask for more? Girl clould—and did! She pick up fan and chop-chop off "Escapade" set.

The big shots, not being in sympathy with old Chinese customs, tore at their fast thinning hair. Who to get to fill the vacant role!

Several names were suggested and discarded. There was Rosalind Russell, who looked more like Miss Loy than anyone on the lot, including Myrna, herself, but she was busy on another picture. There was that new girl that someone brought over from France or was it Vienna or just where the heck was it? No one knew exactly. The files gave them a clue that her name was Luise Rainer and that she had been under contract for five months. Oh, yes, someone remembered. She was the girl who was told to lose fifteen pounds and learn to speak English! Well, if she had and could, there might be a chance for her now, but frankly, the bigwigs were skeptical.

And so when she was called to the studio at eleven o'clock at night to make a test, she was bewildered but ready. At midnight the cameras cranked and Miss Rainer emoted. Next morning the test was shown and the smoke-filled projection room reverberated with reverent, if slightly exaggerated, murmurs of "Genius."

Luise Rainer made "Escapade" with William Powell and thrilled audiences with her captivating personality. A new star had arisen.

Myrna Loy has long since patched up her own troubles and is now busy again, but the dove of peace didn't fly high before little Luise was well on her way to bigger movie accomplishments.

When you saw "Way Down East," did you pause to wonder why Rochelle Hudson was entrusted with a role as important as that of the heroine of this famous tear-jerker? Here's the reason.

Janet Gaynor, who was originally cast for the part, walked out of the picture. She said she was ill. The meanies claimed temperament. The "in the know" guys argued for studio politics. But the point is, Miss G. was out.

With the wardrobe made to fit Janet, the problem was to find an ingenue who could step into her shoes—and dresses and hats. After testing Rochelle Hudson, studio heads decided she could play the role without so much as putting in a tuck or letting down a hem. So, you see, even the ability to slide into a Winsome One's clothes may prove a golden opportunity.

And so, as Uncle Don signs off, let him warn movie stars that it may be important to look before you leap, but it is very wise to think before you walk. For the door that lets you out might let in a brighter star. Why add a *new* face to face when you walk back?

HERSHOLT HELPS OUT



BY MACK HUGHES

The Quints' movie doctor tells on them

GREAT Guy



BY HUGH ROBERTS

There's nothing small about Jimmy Cagney

JEAN HERSHOLT, the man who has played doctor to the most famous little girls in the world, the Dionnes, thinks this particular job is the most interesting of all his thirty-one years in the films. Hersholt admits, however, that it is thankless, supporting the wards of the King of England, but he is ever-willing to help out. It's not easy to get youngsters to like a total stranger, you know.

"Besides, Callender is a long way to go for a picture and the conditions we work under are not too good. That's why Mr. Zanuck is considering building a studio on the grounds. It wouldn't take much money and when you figure how much would be saved in time wasted, you realize it's well worth any cost.

"Every morning I had to be up at six and gray my hair in time to leave with other actors at six forty-five. By nine-fifteen we were back at the little hotel with nothing to do for the rest of the day. The children can only work for one hour a day and you can't get much done with five babies to photograph in an hour. Consequently, after about a week, none of us felt like speaking! It's an easy job to kill time in New York or Hollywood, but in a small Canadian village where you don't know anyone and there is nothing to do, it's another question.

"Then too, all this waiting cost the studio money for the players have to be paid whether they are working or not. And of course there is the expense of carting up and back the props, grips, lights, cameras and all the equipment. If they build a studio there we could finish our work sooner and they would not have the cost of taking things back and forth each time."

We suppose that there are many actors that would feel their importance at such an assignment as Hersholt has with these world famous quintuplets, but you'd never know that he even suspected it was anything out of the ordinary. In fact, there was only once that there could be detected any trace of self satisfaction. This we recognized when he told us of his return to make the second picture with the darlings of Canada.

"I like to fool myself and think that the babies recognized me when I returned," Hersholt said with a sly smile. "The fact is that I look to them like Dr. Dafoe, but they do seem to like me. I could tell this when I saw a little jealous look from Dr. Dafoe, but I can't blame him for they are his and I would feel just the same. I do think they will really remember me by next time we go back.

"It was a disappointment to see some of the cutest sequences in 'Five of a Kind' cut out. There was one scene in the picture where I was to take their pictures and just as I had them arranged all together Marie took to her feet and flew to a corner and sat. It wasn't in the script, but the cameras kept going so I walked over to retrieve her and just as I turned I saw the other four at work on the camera. They were pulling the film out by the yard. Well, Marie rushed ahead of me, pushed the others aside and began to stuff the film back into the camera. It was entirely spontaneous and couldn't have been done in weeks of filming, but they thought there was a little too much of the Quints in the picture as it was so that scene was cut."

THOSE WHO know him—and to meet him is to know him—claim that Jimmy Cagney is the tops. No side, no nonsense, no beating around the bush for friend Cagney. He speaks his piece, let the ax fall where it may. He has never "yessed" a soul from his mother to a movie executive, for which gent he usually doesn't have too much respect. At one time, Jim and his studio had a row, a rousing one. The newspapers kept the score for the public for days. The fight wasn't very fair, many thought. But there was no complaint from Cagney when he ultimately went back to work, having made an independent picture which proved to be too independent to make money.

Cagney likes good books, simple food and down-to-earth people. He doesn't put his neighbor on the pan and expects the same consideration and courtesy to be accorded him. He has a home in the West, where he works, and a cottage in the East, up in Martha's Vineyard. There, you can ride for hours and just when you think you're practically at the jumping-off place—the end of the world—you're practically in the front drive of the Cagney estate. Pretentious seems a fitting description for a movie star's estate—but not for the Cagney variety.

"They all think we're crazy up there," Jim explained when we asked about it. "Last summer, an old fisherman saw Allen Jenkins down near the shore one afternoon and cornered him. 'Say, do you stay up there?' he asked, and pointed to the place. 'Sure, it's a great little spot, isn't it?' Allen replied. To his amazement, the old man just said, 'Oh,' and walked quietly away. We had a laugh when Al told us about it."

Before we let Mr. C. get to the forgetting stage we got him down to remembering a few of the old times—when he was still a struggling young actor, hoping for a break. There was an amusing incident about the time he was in vaudeville and did a bit of female impersonating that interested us no end. Now if you have an imagination you'll have to stretch it a bit to see Cagney in the role of a female. Never a more virile Irishman has kissed the Blarney Stone than one James C.

A friend of Jim's had told me about the night when he was working down on Fourteenth Street in a show. It seems that one night just when Jimmy had finished his bit, it was discovered that the gal in the act had not shown up. However, the show must go on and Jim was it, with a capital "I." Out he went, wig and all, and did his stuff. That all seems years ago and funny to Jim now, but no doubt not half as funny as it did to the audience at the time.

"We had some great times back in the days when I was hoping for a job and even when I got one, which was pretty seldom, there was always that seventh day of rehearsal to worry about."

When Max Reinhardt arrived in Hollywood to make the picture industry his office for a short sojourn he was asked by the press whom he thought was the greatest actor in motion pictures. "James Cagney," he promptly replied. Yes, indeed, Mr. Cagney is a great guy and a splendid actor.



Let's go sightseeing and glimpse the little shacks the stars call home

WHEN *They're* AT HOME



After a dizzy day of playing somebody's scatter-brained wife, Billie Burke relaxes in the quiet surroundings of this charming Beverly Hills home. Here she lives with her pretty daughter, Patricia Ziegfeld.

Classic simplicity and restful spaceousness bespeak the good taste of William Powell, who owns the beautiful home at top, right. Bill has been taking a long enforced rest, but you'll soon be seeing him again.

When Errol Flynn isn't acting, globe-trotting or otherwise disappearing, he comes home to this little shack (lower left). It hangs precariously on the side of a hill in a setting as untrammeled as its dashing occupant.

Claudette Colbert's sunny home in Holmby Hills stands in the midst of a charming garden and commands a broad view of the sparkling blue Pacific. Here Claudette retreats between those too infrequent pictures.

GOOD News

BY LOIS SVENSRUD



What's this? Sonja and Tyrone back together again? Well, now and then!

The sables are on Miss Lombard, of course—but why the sulk on Gable?

We've just heard about Hedy Lamarr's big passion. It's not Reginald Gardiner but pecan crunch ice-cream. The gallant Gardiner brings a pint along every time he comes to call. The other evening he arrived, handed Hedy the paper bag and sighed, "The things I do for Austria!"

●

That other glamor girl, Virginia Weidler, prefers a vanilla cone dipped in chocolate syrup. John Barrymore happened on her at the commissary as she was going to work on one. "What, in heaven's name, is that?" he inquired. "It's swell," said Virginia, "I'll treat you." The Barrymore profile in a chocolate syruped ice-cream cone was something to see!

●

In "The Great Man Votes," Virginia Weidler and Peter Holden play a strenuous fight scene. After the fourth take, they walked over to Director Garson Kanin and said, "We think we could do it better if we tried it again." Impressed, the director consented, and after the take anonunced it was perfect. "We thought we were good the first time," said Peter. "We just didn't want to go back to school."

●

For his role in "The Little Princess," Arthur Treacher had to have curly hair. The hot lights melted out marcels in no time, so there was nothing to do but undergo a permanent wave. You know, girls, how sometimes they'll go fuzzy—and that is just what happened to poor Mr. Treacher's permanent. With the result that every day he had to have it set with great care. "Don't look now," Treacher begged in anguished tones when he appeared on the set in the morning. "Wait 'til I get these bobby-pins out of my hair."

●

As you know, divorce proceedings have been started in the Harmon Nelson vs. Bette Davis case. Though the two have been caught holding hands at night-spots, there definitely will be no reconciliation. Bette's sold that swanky hillside place and moved into a Beverly Hills home with none of the former trimmings—swimming pool, tennis court or "Ham."

Ring out the old, swing in the New Year and



Attention, fans of Ronald Reagan, Jane Wyman, Michael Whalen and Ilona Massey! Nifty quartet, eh?

Overheard after the preview of "The Great Waltz" in which Miliza Korjus makes her debut: "That's the first time I knew Mae West could sing like Jeanette MacDonald."

Though Metro took forty-five pounds off their Viennese import before she was allowed to appear before the camera, the neighbors report that the Gorgeous Korjus still bicycles around the block twenty times every morning.

Tip to girls who like all the comforts of home with none of its inconveniences: Margaret Lindsay has moved her mother, kid sister and furniture from Dubuque, Ia. into a Hollywood house. But Maggie's had one side of the house made over into an apartment of her own—with a quarantine sign painted on the adjoining door.

Out on the set of "Newsboy's Home," Jackie Cooper was having a tough time with his lines. "They tell me," he remarked after the third correction, "that Barrymore can read his lines off a blackboard." "Let's get going, Jackie," said Director Young, "this is no time for professional jealousy."

With Santa Anita again the Place To Go, Stu Ewin offers our readers his exclusive foolproof formula for beating the nags. When the urge comes upon you to smack a few samolas on a horse, says Stu, write down all the names of entrants in each race on slips of paper. Then put slips in a hat. Then throw the hat out the window. You can't lose.

Dead Ender Gabriel Dell is so smitten with the charms of Loretta Young's sister, Georgianna, that he's gone out and bought himself a garage. "This movie business is precarious," Gabriel says. "A guy otta have regular work to support a wife and family."

That gateman out at Metro is still getting the razz for not letting Garbo on the lot. Returning to the studio her first day, Garbo found the old gate barred and wandered around to the new entrance. "Hold everything, lady," yelled the gateman. "Howz about your pass?" "I'm Miss Garbo," said the lady. "Oh yeah?" answered Metro's trusted custodian of the gates. "You extras can't pull that stuff on me. Now run along. I vant to be alone."

Whether or not Greta will become Mrs. Stokowski is still shrouded in deepest mystery. Latest information is that the boy friend is still at Santa Barbara and Greta herself is seeking solitude at a Victorville ranch.

On the "Made For Each Other" set, Carole Lombard and Jimmie Stewart got along fine until the day they had to outfit Bonnie Belle, a month-old baby, for a scene. "You fold them square," said Carole. "Triangular," insisted Jimmie, his mouth full of pins, "let me show you." A prop man, recently a father, settled the dispute by folding Bonnie Belle's underpinnings in a neat wedge shape and the show went on.

Bonnie Belle, with a total working day of four minutes, collected $73.50 for the week. Social Security got the extra $1.50—old age pension, you know.

Since Clark Gable bought himself that roadster just like Mickey Rooney's, Mickey's been seen flashing around in a chromium and pearl-grey multi-cylindered model. To meet the monthly payments, Mickey admits he has had to sacrifice the services of Sylvester, his valet.

If you happened to see a news syndicate picture of Clark Gable standing in front of a microphone rearranging his tie prior to going on the air, you may like to know the story behind that incident. Publicity men asked Gable to readjust his tie to show a touch of pretended nervousness. Gable protested that he would be sure to be labeled as one of those "vain Hollywood actors," but the photogs assured him he needn't worry. The reaction was exactly as Gable had predicted. Newsmen commented that Gable had at last been caught off guard and revealed as conceited as the rest of them. Truth is that immediately after the picture was shot, the tie came clear off, the collar was loosened and Gable pitched into his work.

Lucille Ball was approached at a party by a gentleman the other night. "Haven't I seen you somewhere before?" he inquired. "Yep," said Lucille, "I'm that tired wench you've probably seen in RKO's last six pictures."

come along with us for a glimpse behind the Hollywood social scene



Orchids to three song-birds, Lily Pons, Nelson Eddy and Gladys Swarthout.

"So it's milk makes you that way," Marie Wilson twits Slapsie Maxie Rosenbloom.



Lucille gets a comparative snap in "Beauty For The Asking," her current opus. She doesn't get kicked in the—er—picture once. In fact, she gets pretty nice treatment and was given special privileges on the set the other day. As a beauty operator, the script called for her to apply a mud-pack. "With pleasure!" said Lucille, and whammed a fistful of mud into the victim's face with greater gusto than has been displayed by all the Academy winners put together.

The reconciliation of Edmund Lowe and his wife, it is rumored, was caused by Mrs. Lowe's crashing the Hollywood Athletic Club to talk things over. Lowe had moved in there because of the ban put on women visitors. Attired in one of her husband's suits, Rita Lowe had no trouble at all getting past the front desk.

There isn't a romance in sight for Ginger Rogers, according to her own statement. "I haven't time," she says. "I'm working constantly on pictures and in between times working for a vacation."

Over at Paramount, Martha Raye's fallen heir to Marlene Dietrich's dressing-room. But you'd never recognize it as the same place. Drapes have gone up over half the walls—which, you'll remember, were entirely of mirrors so La Dietrich could view herself from every angle. "The less I see of myself from any angle, the better I like it," avers Martha.

Friends are accusing Bing Crosby of taking a press agent praisery job on the side while in Bermuda. Generally reserved about the charms of everything except golf and Dixie, he's been boosting Bermuda ever since his return. When Gary Evans was asked if he was glad to get home and see the twins again he said, "Nope. I like being the whole cheese."

Since the Dracula and Frankenstein pictures have swept the country in a fresh wave, theatre marquees have been blazing "We Dare You To See This Double Horror! Can You Take It?" Robert Young and his wife were really taken the other night. Admiring the frankness of the theatre owner, they bought tickets expecting to see an ordinary double feature.

Universal's hard at work on another Frankenstein chiller, with the toughest assignments falling to the make-up men who get to the studio at six every morning. Boris Karloff's make-up alone takes four hours. But Bela Lugosi presents the worst problem. He has to have his neck broken every morning, since according to the script he was hung but saved in the nick of time. This, happily, all transpired before the picture went before the cameras.

At a local theatre the other Sunday, a man asked the manager for permission to return in an hour. He didn't want to miss the Jack Benny broadcast. Pocketing his ticket, stamped "Motion Pictures Are Your Best Entertainment," he left for the nearest radio.

Which brings to mind Adolphe Menjou's remark that women's hats are his best entertainment.

Oren Haglund, that assistant director, is sooooo much in love with Pat Lane that she could give up her press agent this minute and still have her charms publicized plenty. Other day on the set of "Yes, My Darling Daughter," conversation ran to the best pictures of the month. After one or two films had been discussed, Oren could contain himself no longer. "Haven't you folks seen 'Four Daughters?' " he asked. "Say, that's right," put in Pat, "those Ritz brothers shouldn't be overlooked."

On the same set, Genevieve Tobin is already taking orders from her husband of a few months, William Keighley, who's directing the picture. After a particularly tough correction, Keighley called

his wife over and explained that he didn't want anyone to think he was getting sentiment mixed up in business. "Sentiment!" exclaimed Miss Tobin. "By now they've chalked up our acquaintance as just another Hollywood rumor."

At Selznick's, sets are springing up all over the lot for "Gone With the Wind." Perhaps they're going to take Gable's suggestion and shoot around Scarlett all through the picture.

For her role in "Beauty For The Asking," Frieda Inescort has to be not only plain, but downright homely. Other morning she appeared for her nine o'clock call all done up in satin and silver fox. "I got up two hours early to look like this," she admitted, "I'm not going to run any chances of getting a script inferiority complex."

Anne Shirley and John Payne's marriage has consisted largely of seeing one another off on location trips and personal appearance tours. After Anne had waved goodbye at the airport to John and his bevy of beauties—Olivia De Havilland, Margaret Lindsay, Jane Bryan and Marie Wilson—on their recent convention trip, John settled back with a deep sigh. "It's a shame," he said, "just when Anne's really getting somewhere with my cooking lessons."

When Rosalind Russell, Jimmie Stewart and others in the cast



Nancy Kelly's the colleen behind those gardenias, and Franchot Tone's the lad with her this time.

of the "Silver Theatre" read through the script to the satisfaction of Producer Conrad Nagel, that courteous gentleman invariably says, "Fine, now shall we try it on the mike?" Other day at rehearsal, Rosalind Russell spotted Joan Fontaine, Conrad's girl friend, in the sponsor's booth, admiringly watching Producer Nagel. After a few words with Stewart and others in the cast, she went back to script reading. When Nagel asked his polite question again, he was almost knocked off his chair by a booming chorus of "No!"

Rosalind Russell and Jimmie Stewart, incidentally, are making their love scenes so convincing on this program that it sounds like the real stuff. And those on the inside say that since Rosalind's return from England, Jimmie Stewart has an option on all her spare time.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Morris have applied for a building permit in Beverly Hills. The only remarkable point about the above is that Mr. and Mrs. A. Morris are Tony Martin and Alice Faye. It's good news to their friends, and will be Good News for our next issue if divorce proceedings don't upset this new deal.

Out at Metro, the gate situation has caused considerable trouble. But not to Hedy Lamarr. Driving her car up to the old gate, now barred, she was informed that the entrance was only for pedestrians under the new ruling. "Okay," said Hedy, promptly locking her car, blocking the driveway and walking into work.

For "Pacific Liner" a huge ship-deck was constructed on one set and mounted on rollers. To lend the authentic touch, bona-fide gobs were transported from San Pedro for local color. But there was more local color provided than bargained for. When the set started rocking, a greenish pallor spread over the sailor boys' faces. Several rushed to the larboard rails and clung there. Consensus was that a good typhoon on the briny was preferable any day to another minute on Stage 17.

Who is the brunette belle, recently reconciled with her husband, a well-known star, who told friends that since she'd blown her $30,000 settlement on a New York apartment, new clothes and a swanky car she might as well give Mr. Movie Star and his money another trial?

When Dick Powell chanced upon a bargain in Mongolian cat skins, he grabbed them with plans of a rug for his private den. But when he unwrapped them at home, Joan Blondell let out a squeal of delight, gave him a big hug for this thoughtfulness and rushed to the phone to consult her furrier. Dick still hasn't had the heart to tell her that the new sports coat she has in mind was formerly a rug in his mind.

In "Love Affair" you'll see Beverly Davis making her film debut. Beverly is the five-year-old daughter of Joan Davis. "I'll bet you're going to grow up and be an actress just like your mother," Irene

Jon Hall's off to England, alone, but he's taking along a trunkful of Frances Langford's records.





What, no Walter Wanger? No, this time it's David Niven with pretty Joan Bennett.



Above, Virginia Bruce and J. Walter Ruben. Below, Edgar Bergen with Helen Woods.



Dunne remarked on welcoming her to the set. "No," said Beverly, "I'm going to grow up and be an actress just like Alice Faye."

●

Andy Devine commissary routine: "I'm not hungry," he tells the waitress, "but let's see the program. Now," he continues dreamily, "let's see. Think I'll start with a little marinated herring, some of this vegetable soup, a tuna salad and a bit of apple pie. Coffee, of course." On his way out of the commissary he taps several pals on the shoulder and croaks, "The food in this place is certainly lousy."

●

Virginia Bruce is one girl in Hollywood who mourns she hasn't a thing to wear—and means it. It's all happened since she went on that house-building spree—one for herself in Bel-Air and another for her mother in Brentwood. The houses are completed now, but landscaping is the current headache. "Every time I find myself in the mood for a Chanel," Virginia says, "I catch myself in time and go out and buy a tree."

●

When Wendy Barrie and Victor McLaglen met the day they were starting a picture together, McLaglen extended such a limp paw for a greeting that Wendy asked if he was ill. McLaglen looked apologetic. "The last time I shook hands with a lady," he explained, "she carried her arm in a sling for a week. I'm not taking any chances now I know my strength."

●

Photographers around town are going to chip in and get Eleanor Powell an orchid one of these days. After doing strenuous dance scenes for "Honolulu," Eleanor was asked to do some of the numbers over again for the magazine photogs. She not only did them, but did them gladly, and afterwards was more concerned over whether the boys got their pictures than over the aches in her famous feet.

●

Latest hang-out of the stars is the "Tropical Ice Gardens Ice Rink"—a palm-bordered ice phenomena that could only happen in Hollywood. Richard Greene has been a constant customer, practicing some of those fancy steps Sonja Henie taught him before she left town. His partner's been a UCLA co-ed, and not Arleen Whelan. Richard hasn't had a date with Arleen since Tyrone Power decided that red-heads with cute freckled noses were more his type.

●

W. C. Fields and Charlie McCarthy are feuding daily now that they're at work on "You Can't Cheat An Honest Man." W. C. claims that McCarthy's a dud but he admits Edgar Bergen is the cleverest guy in town. Says that whenever the phone rings at home Bergen picks up the receiver and says, "Hello, Charlie!"

●

Jack Oakie admits that he used to be so conceited no one could stand the sight of him. At last he had a heart-to-heart talk with himself and decided on a new way of life. "It wasn't long," he says, "before I woke up one morning realizing that now I was liked by everyone."

●

There is the case, too, of an English actor who was heading for Hollywood. Kind-hearted friends offered to give him letters of introduction. "Don't bother," said the actor. "Anybody who *is* anyone will make the effort to meet me."

●

Out on the set, the Dead End Kids were in the midst of a football game, when Billy Halop suddenly pulled himself out of the huddle, "Heck," he said, "I gotta go take my psychology test." "Don't kid your pals," said Bobby Jordan, "psychopathic test's what yuh mean."

●

Root out your mother's scrap-books, girls, and get one step ahead of the fashions. After Ginger Rogers appears in "The Castles," the chiffon dancing dresses, dutch bonnets and starched lace, Castle bob and that black velvet band holding down the eyebrows, Minnehaha effect, will probably be the new craze. And Fred Astaire is so enthused about Irene Castle's lessons in the bunny-hug that he's giving her free lessons in swing.

●

"Stanley and Livingstone" is Fox Studio's biggest problem at the moment. With two years of research and hundreds of thousands sunk into the African expeditions, the picture is now being held up due to casting difficulties. Spencer Tracy, in the role of Stanley, is the only one definitely set. And the hunt goes on for Livingstone. The other day the cullud boy who shines the exec's shoes burst into a conference which was being held. "Ah," said Spencer Tracy, "Dr. Livingstone, I presume?"

●

Marie Wilson showed up at the studio the other day with a very black eye. "It was a door I ran into," she explained, "though maybe it looks more like Nick and I have at last come to an understanding."



That party put me on the front page!

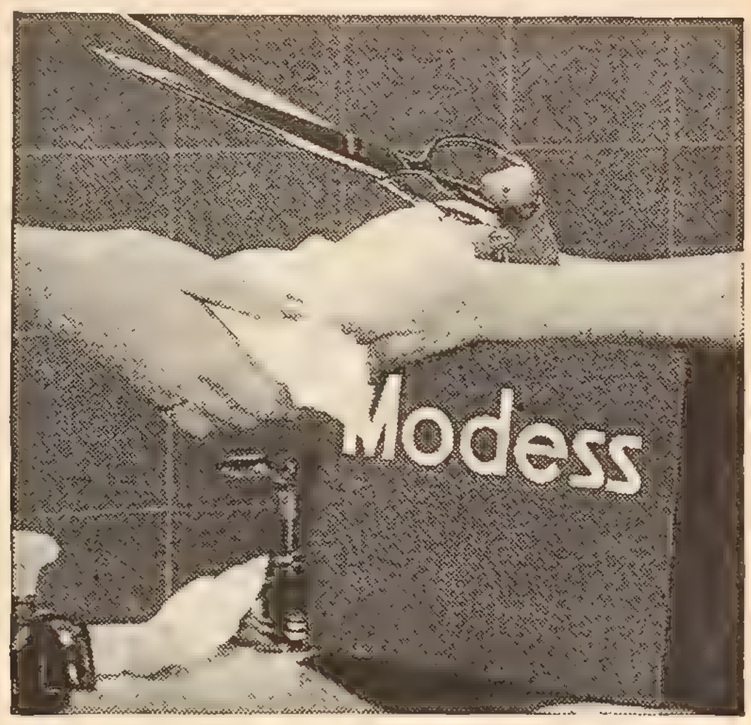
"Hurry!"—the editor barked. "Grab a cab! Jump into your evening clothes! You're covering that Van Dyke blow-out tonight!" It was my big chance . . . but instead of being thrilled, I could have cried. Why—oh, why— I wailed inwardly, does Avis Van Dyke have to bow to society *tonight!*



I stopped just long enough to phone my roommate. "Elsie"—I begged—"be a lamb and press my green evening dress. I've got to report a debutante party tonight! Wouldn't you know a break like this would come at a time like this? Honestly, I'm so chafed and irritable I could scream!"



"What would you do without me?"—Elsie greeted me gaily, waving a blue box. "Dress pressed . . . velvet wrap brushed . . . and a gift that will give you blissful relief! Take it, ducky—it's Modess—the greatest boon to womankind ever invented! I just discovered it myself this month . . . and it's a marvel."



I must have looked skeptical, for she flew to her sewing box—whipped out the scissors and cut a Modess pad in two! "Feel this," she commanded—thrusting a handful of soft, fluffy filler toward me. "That's what's in Modess! And that's why you'll not be bothered by chafing again!"



"And what's more," continued Elsie, "with Modess you can have an easy mind all evening—because it's *safer!* Watch . . ." And she took the moisture-resistant backing from inside a Modess pad and dropped some water on it. To my amazement, I saw that not a drop went through!



So—off I went, cheery as a cricket, to stalk debutantes and stags at play. I buzzed around, writing about fabulous jewels, fountains of champagne, and divine Paris dresses . . . with never a moment's worry . . . nor a single moment of chafing discomfort. And—wound up the evening with a story that even an old hand could be proud of!



"Whee! On the front page—with your name signed to it!" shrieked Elsie, brandishing the paper the next day. "You owe it all to Little Goody Two-Shoes who told you about Modess! And think," she added, "soft, '*fluff-type*' Modess costs no more than those *layer-type* pads we used to buy!"

Get in the habit of saying "Modess"!

(IF YOU PREFER A NARROWER, SLIGHTLY SMALLER PAD—ASK FOR JUNIOR MODESS)

3 DELICIOUS WAYS

to save on food bills

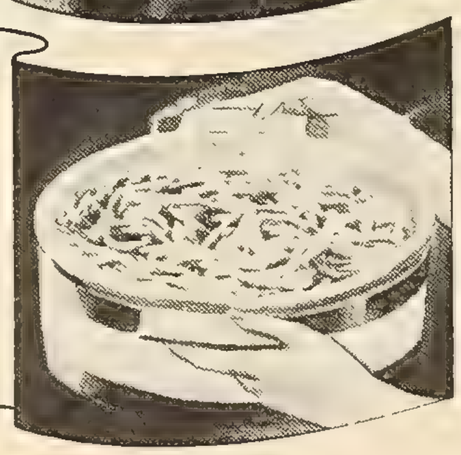
DRESS UP CHEAPER MEAT CUTS WITH TASTY FRANCO-AMERICAN



ADD SAVORY GOODNESS TO LEFT-OVERS WITH FRANCO-AMERICAN SPAGHETTI



SERVE THIS TEMPTING SPAGHETTI SOMETIMES AS A MAIN DISH



A "Millionaire's dish" for less than 3¢ a portion

● It's just like having an expensive chef in your kitchen to get spaghetti with a sauce like Franco-American. It's made with cheese . . . tomatoes . . . savory seasonings . . . *eleven* different ingredients. There's no work for you to do—just heat, serve and enjoy. The pictures above show only a few of the ways this delicious spaghetti makes food dollars go farther. A can holding three to four portions costs only ten cents. But be *sure* you get Franco-American. Order today.



Franco-American SPAGHETTI

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF CAMPBELL'S SOUPS

Send for FREE *Recipe Book*

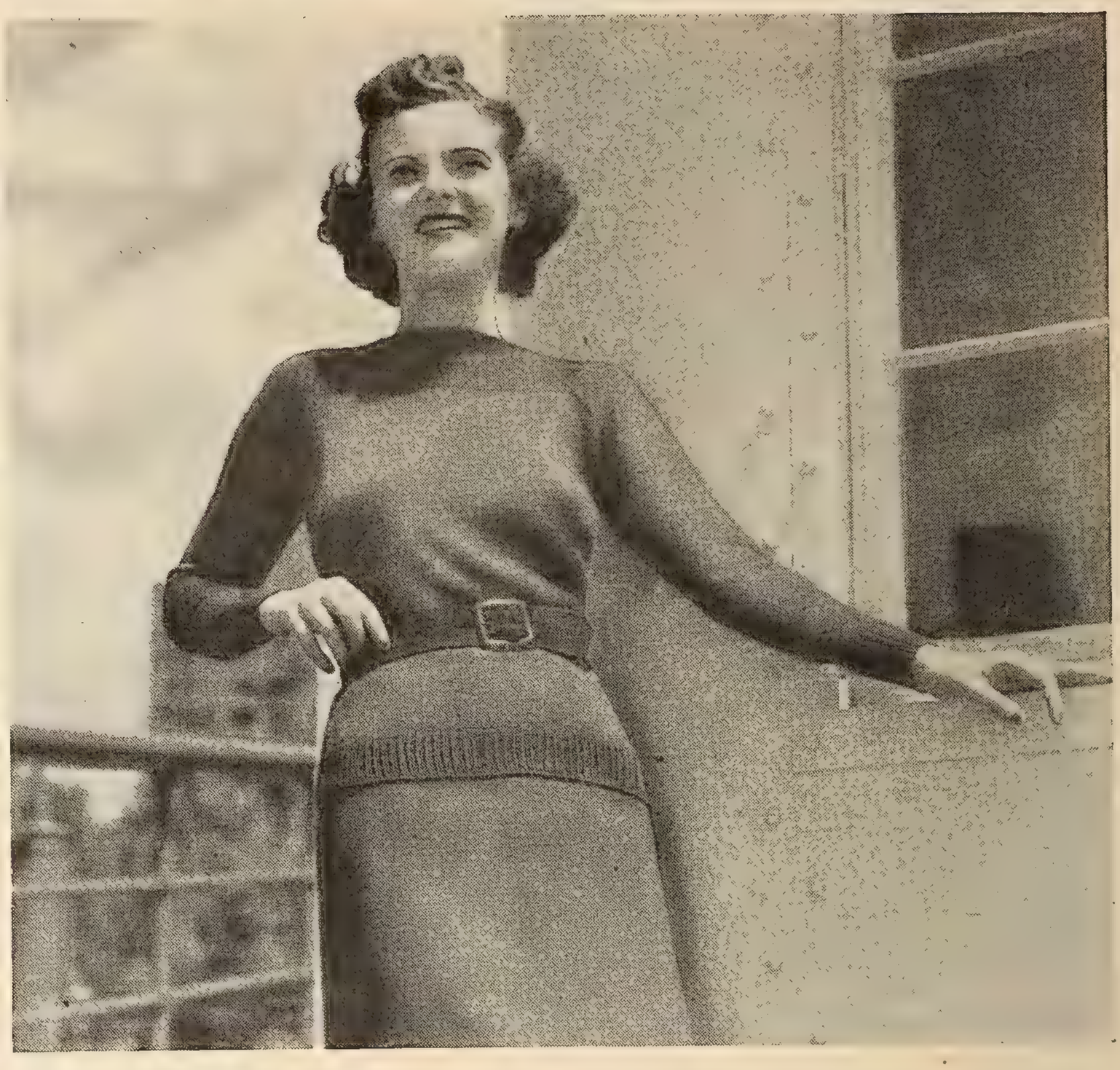
Campbell Soup Company, Dept. 622
Camden, New Jersey. Please send me your free recipe book "30 Tempting Spaghetti Meals."

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Address _____

City _____ State _____

MID-YEAR CLASSICS

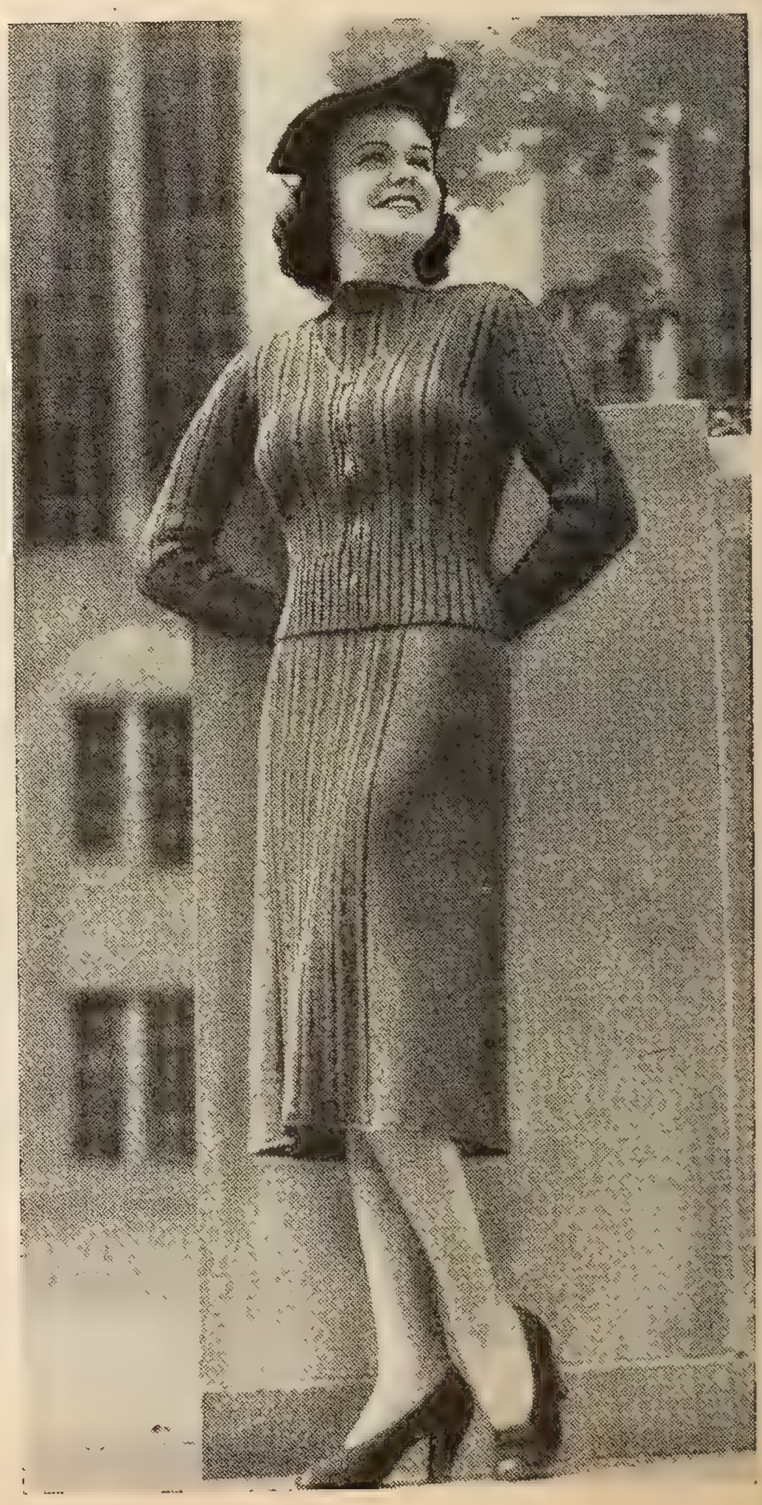


BM-3850. Raglan sleeves and ribbing yoke are becoming.

BM-3852. Contrasting colors in a new three-piece suit.

DOES your winter program include mid-year exams at school or just mid-year inspection at home or in a business office? Whichever it is, you'll come off with high marks and flying colors in either of the fetching knits illustrated here. The new sweater above is a honey, with raglan sleeves and a yoke of ribbing for variety. Try matching your fabric skirt to your knitted sweater. It's smart this season.

In the three-piece suit at right the short-sleeved undersweater and matching skirt are paneled both back and front in a combination seed and ribbing stitch. The long sleeved, zipper-fastened cardigan is knit in a second color. It has a low V-neck to show the contrasting undersweater. Can't you imagine how attractive it will be? Knitting directions for both sweater and suit are, of course, free. Fill in the coupon and let us send them to you without delay.



ANN WILLS, Modern Screen
149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send, at no cost to me:

Knitting directions for BM 3850.....

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I enclose a stamped, self-addressed (large) envelope.

Name .....

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Check one or both designs and please print name and address plainly.

BARBARA STANWYCK says "Want Romance? Then be careful about COSMETIC SKIN"



TO pass the Love Test, skin must be smooth and soft. The eyes of love look close—and *linger*—would note the tiniest flaw. Clever girls use Lux Toilet Soap!

This gentle white soap has ACTIVE lather that removes stale cosmetics, dust and dirt *thoroughly*. It's so foolish to risk the *choked pores* that may cause Cosmetic Skin, dullness, tiny blemishes, enlarged pores! Lux Toilet Soap leaves skin soft—smooth—*appealing*.

STAR OF PARAMOUNT'S
"UNION PACIFIC"

Sue follows BARBARA STANWYCK'S advice— has skin that passes the LOVE TEST



9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap



***Get a Trial Bottle FREE!**

For over 2 generations, Italian Balm has held the "first choice" vote, among all anti-chapping preparations, in Cold-weather Canada.

And, in the United States, its rapid rise to wide-spread popularity has been one of the sensations of toilet goods history.

So if your hands are dry, or rough and chapped, from housework or weather—test this famous Skin Softener at Campana's expense. Try it before you buy it!

Italian Balm contains the costliest ingredients of any of the largest selling brands of lotion—yet its cost to *use* is *negligible.* It's wide-spreading—that's why! Not thin—watery—or wasteful. One drop (not a handful!) is the right amount for both hands per application. Get your FREE Vanity Bottle now. You be the judge.

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Gentlemen: I have never tried Italian Balm. Please send me VANITY Bottle FREE and postpaid.

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HAVE THE MOVIES CHANGED YOU?

(Continued from page 43)

into her imagination without making her envious. Supposing she lives in a little town in the middle west where, day in and year out, the only bright thing she sees is the gaudily painted gas station. Well, she has only to go across the street or around the corner to see motion pictures showing people in Paris, London, New York, their dress and manners. This doesn't mean she is going to try to be like them the moment she gets out of that movie house. We might just as well say that a poor girl in a city sees a beautiful gown or coat in a shop window and immediately starts walking the streets intent upon getting money to buy it.

IT'S far more likely that the picture-going girl in either a small or big town gains from movies a wider vision of people and their dress, just as she might from reading books. And rather than become dissatisfied with her own lot, she may well be bucked up by what she has seen and then and there determine to better it. She may be stirred by a new and worthy ambition to work harder and make more money so she can improve her appearance. I can't for the life of me see that she has been led into a temptation which threatens to be morally disastrous. That's all rot. It has been my observation that the usual reason for a girl's going either straight or otherwise is not the obvious, but the hidden, unsuspected thing.

"Love of finery," continued Miss Carroll, "may lead a silly girl to do silly things. But that has nothing to do with the screen. Pictures may, without any undue stretch of the imagination, stimulate a girl to work honestly for what she wants. So far as that goes, they are no more dangerous to her than copying patterns in fashion magazines would be. In going to pictures she is like the little girl who delights in reading about little princesses rather than girls like herself. Thank goodness, I'm still like that, too! The fact that she's a poor girl doesn't matter, doesn't mean temptation in the wrong direction. I've been as poor, probably poorer than any of them, so I know from experience.

"I tramped the London streets looking for a job when I had little to wear and less to eat. But when you are young you don't mind going hungry. All I bothered about was keeping as clean and neat as possible. I wasn't afraid of work, any kind to keep me going. Finally, when I was down to my last shilling, I got something to do, tutoring the six noisy, grimy children of a second-hand dealer. That job lasted till I got a small part in a play. I wanted nothing better."

When it was assumed that even then Miss Carroll might have had her heart set upon one day becoming a picture star, she surprised me by saying:

"I never wanted to go into pictures at all, except for a bit of crowd work to tide me over. The rest of it was wholly an accident, and is the only explanation of my being in Hollywood today. When I was playing on the stage with Robert Lorraine, he urged me to take a screen test with a hundred and fifty other girls for a part in 'The Guns of Loos.' I balked at the idea, but upon Lorraine's insisting that the widespread publicity of the contest would be good advertising for the play we were doing I let myself in for it. To my amazement, I was chosen.

"Since then I've been known as an English screen actress—another mistake. There's not a drop of English blood in me. Though born in England, I'm a mixture of French and Irish. Because of this, I think I understand the American temperament which is a mixture of so many different strains. I can put myself in the place of the American woman. I hope I can, for in the two years I have been here America has done everything for me. I get lyrical on the subject. For one thing, I love the American attitude. It accepts you as a success before you have proven a failure. That acceptance in itself makes you a success. They want you to be one—and you are. Something in you rises to meet that gesture half-way. I don't wonder that Hollywood exerts a great influence on American girls and women, giving them ideas to better themselves generally, for it has given me everything."

Including a castle in Spain. It was only natural to wonder why Miss Carroll had bought it and what she was going to do with it.

"I bought it a month before the war broke out there because I like the Mediterranean," she explained, "and I'm going to live in it in my old age."

NONSENSE. Anyone could see with half an eye that Madeleine Carroll is as ageless as her wisdom. But this brought a merry peal and:

"Good heavens! That's an influence on women that even Hollywood can't claim. But it has made something blossom in my heart, something good which will always be there. I don't look for evil here, and since first setting foot in Hollywood I haven't found it. This is not a sales talk—I really mean it. If you like people they like you, and that makes you a normal human being. There you have Hollywood's influence on at least one woman, and I believe it extends to countless thousands of others."



Another Taylor—this time one-year-old Jackie—plays with Carole Lombard in "Made For Each Other."

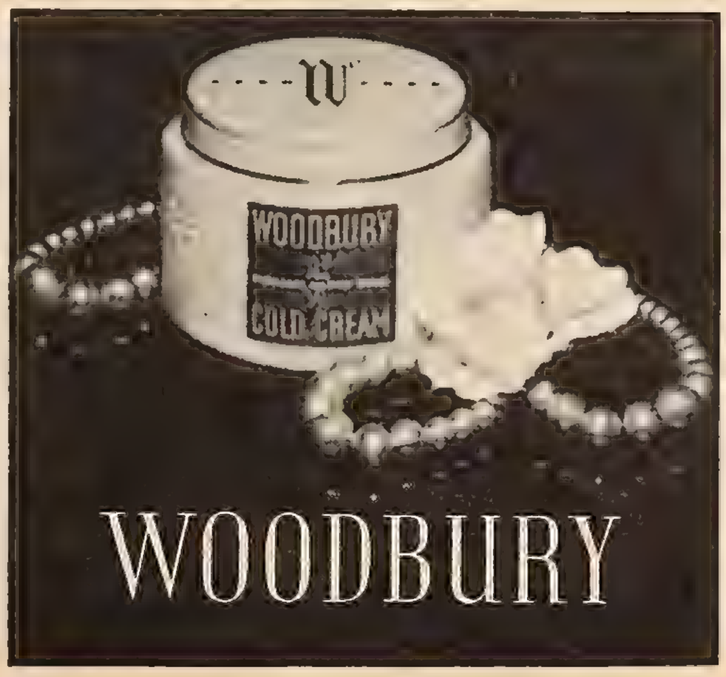
All through your Beauty Sleep your skin *must* stay Awake



Like your heart, your skin must keep active 24 hours a day. Use this "skin-awakening" cream to help keep your skin appealing.

WHILE you sleep, your skin must be ceaselessly wakeful and working. Only so can your complexion hold the healthy "aliveness" that makes for cream-smooth texture and flawless clarity.

That's why it's such good cosmetic sense to use Woodbury Cold Cream night and morning. Your skin soon feels an awakening of its flagging energies. For Woodbury Cold Cream contains a skin-stimulating Vitamin, which helps the skin work actively. Woodbury Cold Cream is a basic cream for beauty. It tones and stimulates the skin. It cleanses the pores thoroughly. It brings needful oils to soften your skin. And in this cream you have germ-free purity to the very last dab in the jar.



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Please send me *new* Woodbury Make-up Kit, containing tube of Woodbury Cold Cream; attractive metal compacts of Woodbury Facial Powder, Rouge and Lipstick. I enclose 10c to cover packing and postage.

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CHAMPAGNE (*For golden skin*) ☐ WINDSOR ROSE (*For pink skin*) ☐

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Good robust beef—roast, broiled or simmered in rich pan gravy—never fails to intrigue our favorite, Spencer Tracy.

Clark Gable goes for a mammoth ham steak. And, pictured at left, a Scotch meat pie—another pretty sure way to a man's heart.

Courtesy Campbell Soups

We'll help you vary your menus to tempt those fickle male appetites

BY MARJORIE DEEN

REMARKABLE, isn't it, how frequently meats come in for honorable mention when one asks a man to name his favorite dishes. True, he will generally speak of a special apple pie he once had at some friend's house, or talk with deep feeling about mother's famous chocolate cake! But, sooner or later, inevitably and enthusiastically, he will be off on the subject of meats.

I've certainly found this true in Hollywood. The replies I get from the menfolk serve to substantiate the evidence of my own eyes. Clark Gable, for example, will give his hearty okay to a triple decker ham sandwich on rye for lunch any old day of the week, while at other times you will find him, between scenes, in the studio restaurant disposing of a mammoth broiled ham steak, as when this picture was taken. Spencer Tracy, on the other hand, admits to a marked preference for beef, whether broiled, roasted or simmered in a rich gravy. And so it goes up and down the line. They all must have their meat.

There is one point, however, that should be emphasised, and that is that every man—whether film star in California or factory worker in New England—every man likes variety in his meats as well as in his meals. The best liked menu palls with constant repetition. The most highly favored roast loses its appeal upon too frequent appearance. And the woman who relies upon roasting and broiling as her only two methods of meat cookery is overlooking at least four other good bets. Because, you know, there are actually six methods of cooking meats, besides innumerable variations.

Would you like to know more about these six methods? Would the men of your household enjoy something new in the meat line one of these brisk winter evenings? Are you racking your pretty little head for some knockout menus which assure you, in advance, of the right accompaniments for the main dish? All right then, give ear. All this information is contained in the special free meat booklet we are offering you this month. And ssh! don't tell the men, but you might like to know in advance that this helpful booklet also contains carving directions which will give you the right to look superior the very next time your lord and master can't seem to find the joint or the grain of the roast! The coupon at the end of this article will bring you all this useful information—and more besides.

In the meantime, however interested you may be in getting the booklet itself, be sure also to try the recipes given here. The first, a meat pie in the Scotch style, is about the best Sunday supper suggestion I've found in ages. The second, a flavorsome Ham Loaf with a peppy, tantalizing sauce, features Gable's preferred meat as a main course treat worthy of appearing at a company dinner. While the Russian Steak is as delicious as it is different. All have the economy feature to recommend them, while their general excellence and originality make them a hit with men the country over.

SCOTCH MEAT PIE

2 tablespoons butter
4 tablespoons finely minced onion
1 pound ground beef
1 can (condensed) tomato soup
½ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
rich pastry for 2-crust pie
1 tablespoon melted butter

Cook the onions in the butter (or other fat) in a frying pan, until soft. Remove (and reserve) onions, add the meat to the butter and cook until barely browned. Blend in the soup, salt and pepper. Add the cooked onions, mix together thoroughly. Cool. Line a pie plate with rich pastry, rolled approximately ⅛ inch thick. Fill the pie shell with the cooled meat mixture. Moisten edges of the crust with cold water. Cover pie with top crust, press together firmly around rim of pie plate with floured fingers or tines of a fork. Brush top of pie with melted butter, cut slits to allow steam to escape. Bake in moderate oven (375°F.) for 1 hour. Or bake in hot oven (450° F.) 15 minutes, then decrease heat to moderately slow (350° F.) and bake 15-20 minutes longer. Serve hot.

DEVILLED HAM LOAF WITH HOT MUSTARD SAUCE

1¼ pounds lean pork shoulder, ground
1¼ pounds smoked ham, ground
¾ cup cracker crumbs
1 whole egg
½ cup milk
½ cup canned bouillon
⅛ teaspoon pepper
¼ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
1 egg white, beaten stiff

Mix ground meats with the cracker crumbs. Beat whole egg slightly, add milk, bouillon, pepper and Worcestershire sauce. Combine with meat mixture, blend together thoroughly. Lastly, mix in stiffly beaten egg white, reserving yolk for the sauce. Form mixture into a loaf, place in slightly greased baking pan and bake in moderate oven (375°F.) 1½ hours. Remove loaf to hot platter, carefully. Garnish with sliced, stuffed olives and beets, if desired. And by all means serve with the following sauce, passed in a separate serving dish.

HOT MUSTARD SAUCE

¼ cup butter or vegetable shortening
2 tablespoons flour
½ cup canned bouillon
¼ cup prepared mustard
¼ cup sugar
1 egg yolk, beaten
⅓ cup lemon juice
¼ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce

Melt the butter or vegetable shortening in top of a double boiler, over direct heat. Add the flour, bouillon, mustard and sugar. Cook and stir until smooth and thickened. Add a little of hot mixture to beaten yolk. Add slowly to remaining mixture in double boiler, stirring vigorously. Place over boiling water and cook for 10 minutes, stirring frequently. Remove from heat, stir in lemon juice and Worcestershire. This sauce should be served immediately. However, any that may be left over can be reheated in the top of the double boiler with perfect results.

RUSSIAN STEAK

2 pounds round steak
1 cup sliced onions
4 tablespoons butter or other fat
1 tablespoon flour
1 teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
1 cup water
1 cup sour cream

Have the butcher cut the meat into two steaks and ask him to pound these well with a meat hammer. (This can be done at home but it is easier to have it taken care of at the market.) Cut the meat into 3 inch squares. Melt the butter or other fat in large iron skillet or dutch oven. Sauté the onions in this until lightly browned. Remove onions and brown the meat in the fat. Sprinkle meat with the flour, salt and pepper, and add the cooked onions, then the water and sour cream. Cover tightly and simmer 2 hours, or until meat is tender. Serve in the gravy in which meat was cooked. Serve with noodles.



The Modern Hostess
Modern Screen Magazine
149 Madison Ave., N. Y. C.

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How can a man forget so soon?



A year ago I marched down the aisle in my wedding veil. Bob promised to love me forever. But before very long, the quarrels began . . .



First it was his shirts. He said his mother used to wash them lots whiter. Gradually the nagging got worse—my curtains looked "dingy," my linens were a "disgrace." I thought he'd completely forgotten his promise, until . . .



My next-door neighbor caught me crying and promptly tossed my woes out the window. She told me my clothes had tattle-tale gray because they were only *half*-clean. She said I worked hard, but my lazy soap just didn't wash out *all* the dirt.



Quick as you please, I took her advice and changed to Fels-Naptha Soap. And glory, what a difference! That richer *golden* soap blended with gentle *naptha* hustles out every speck of dirt and my things simply shine like snow. Now Bob says he married a wonder. And I'm so glad that wonder is *me!*

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THE TIME, THE PLACE, THE GIRL

(Continued from page 44)

large city, for some really grand evening affair, okay on the mascara. Or you could put it on for the theatre, or for dining in a smart restaurant. But not for playing bridge, where you'll have a strong light shining on you all evening. If you live in a small town, be guided by what the other nice girls do. Above all, don't use eye make-up at all unless you really need it. If you do look drab without it, perhaps at a country club dance or something like that you might indulge.

Do, if you are under twenty and not a "big" girl, take advantage of the many charming variations in the dirndl style. They're made for you and you alone. Wear 'em while you can—a velvet street length one for afternoon, or a wasp-waisted, mile-wide skirt one for evening. If you are a big girl, steer clear of this style, even though you're young.

Don't—you young people—wear your hair up except in the evening. Up hair with down hat is terrible, and every simple, sports type of hat is a down hat, I don't care what anybody says. I paid a visit to the spouse's office the other day. The high-powered sekkretry came in on her way out to lunch. A simple felt beret was perched on top of a high hairdo. It looked all wrong. A more elaborate, tip-tilted hat was needed.

IN a department store, a belle waited on me. She turned to open a stocking drawer, and I noticed that the back of her hair, which was brushed up and secured with little combs, was all bristly looking at the back, where the hair had been cut for her previous down-hanging bob. For evening, this could have been hidden with some sort of ornament.

However, there is such a thing as an upward feeling in hair arrangement which may do a lot for you, no matter what your age. What made me think of this was a feature I saw in a magazine recently. There were photographs of several well known women, not one of whom is a beauty at all, at all. Kate Smith, Fannie Brice, Elsa Maxwell, Mrs. Roosevelt. Some others. Alongside each photograph was a clever sketch which showed how the lady might look if she did thus and so.

In each case, it was a lift in the hair, in front, which either took pounds off the lady's face, or years off her life, or revealed an unsuspected fine forehead or widow's peak, or something of the sort. In each case, too, the uplift added distinction and charm to a face where beauty and prettiness was lacking. Young people can achieve this lift with two soft curls on each side of a center part, as Deanna Durbin does sometimes. It does add height to her young round face.

Now I don't suppose I need to tell any of you young people that false eyelashes aren't exactly in good taste for you. You know this already. But, of course, going to the other extreme is the girl who is so athletic that she allows herself no feminine foibles at all. She is very fond of sports. All right. But her skin, while healthy and unblemished, could almost be described as weatherbeaten. I cannot think of a single shade of powder or rouge which would do a thing for this type. Powder just doesn't belong on that outdoor skin. And she knows it. However, there's no law against using a little cream on it at night. Just to soften it a tiny bit and keep that too, too hardy look away—a look neither becoming nor womanly.

And, since this young lady is closer to thirty than to twenty, why not a gay dash of lipstick and some reshaping of a mouth which is poor in outline and pale in color. And those eyebrows—how about a little pruning? They are inclined to run all over her face. With these few little attentions and artifices, a face which is not pretty-pretty and never will be, could nevertheless gain chic and added femininity.

IT is hard to put over what I want to say. If I could only sketch, and show you, first, how certain folks actually look and, second, how they might look with the least little change in the world. But as I happen to be one of those dim-wits who can't draw, I'm doing the best I can with words.

The chief point I'm trying to get over is this: don't go to extremes about make-up. Don't use everything on the counter, on the one hand, or nothing at all, on the other. Don't excuse yourself by saying you know you're not a beauty, and you can't seem to get the knack of putting the stuff on. If you can afford it and have access to a really smart beauty parlor, trot in and say, "Here, what can be done for me—without putting too much goop on my face?"

However, if there isn't a really smart beauty parlor for a thousand miles, keep trying by yourself. Experiment in privacy, and look at the results in a good strong light. Then try your new beauty trick in public.

The changes which have taken place in the movie stars illustrate, I think, the one important point in the acquisition of good taste. You older fans, think back upon the appearance of your favorite stars



It's "Flirting With Fate" in any language when Joe E. Brown gets up to do the rhumba.

of ten or fifteen years ago. You younger fans, think of the old photographs you've seen in this magazine occasionally. There was always much hair, concealing foreheads, covering ears, piled up on the head, not in the small, neat head-conforming manner of today, but messily, looking as if it hadn't been properly combed.

But nowadays, generally speaking, there isn't a better groomed, better coiffed group of women than the stars anywhere in the world. Clean, simple lines prevail. In make-up a certain haywire-ness still prevails, but it is a mighty clever haywire-ness. The make-up begins with a cleansed face, and a skin as perfect as scientific diet, proper exercise and constant care can make it.

Then, although every aid to facial glamor may be used, all these aids are put on with very consummate care, so that the final effect may be soft, unobvious as possible. Powder is put on thickly and then brushed off until it gives that soft, "mat" effect. Lips are outlined first with brush or pencil so that, even though an artificial line may be created, it isn't a smudgy and amateurish artificial line. Then the lipstick is blotted. The lines are drawn around the eyes, or the eyeshadow is quite frankly laid on pretty heavily, and smudged or blended with oil so that there is never a hard line of demarcation anywhere.

OF course I know as well as you that these stars spend hours on themselves. They have tons of money and all the finest experts in the world right in their immediate vicinity. You haven't. Most of you must work out your beauty destiny for yourselves. But what I'm getting at is don't copy from the appearance of these stars the most obvious point in their personal adornment. Their mouth make-up, their eye make-up, their more elaborate coiffures.

Don't copy these things, I say, unless you have the basic matters down first: the good skin, and the cleverness and skill with which their war paint is put on. And don't copy these things, anyway, if you're very young, or living in a simple, unsophisticated community, or holding down a rather sedate job. Copy, instead, the trigness and trimness of some star's figure, her cleverness about clothes, if she is your type, her neat and meticulous grooming.

Phew! Anybody who tries to write about good taste is a perfect simpleton. It just can't be defined. However, I hope these random thoughts and examples I've cited may help you a little.

I hope, too, you'll write for the sample lotion offered this month. This lotion is just bound to be a big help in taking the "Brrr" out of winter because it helps keep the hands and skin from chapping and roughening under temperature changes. It's so easy to use lotion, very good . . . and economical, too, because it's guaranteed not to thicken . . not a drop wasted! A few drops on shoulders, arms and hands completes loveliness. And it can be used as a powder base, too, because it makes powder cling with just the right degree of persistency. It's a lotion you want to be acquainted with, so send for the generous trial bottle now.

Mary Marshall
MODERN SCREEN MAGAZINE
149 Madison Avenue
New York, New York

Please send me the generous trial sample of lotion.

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"Hey, hey! What's all this ki-yi about? The neighbors will think I've got you both by the tail!...Oh, sure, it's okay to yelp when something hurts—I always do myself. But what is it, anyway?"



"Chafed, eh? Well, to be sure...your tummy scrapes on every step! Your chassis is too underslung, that's all."



"Matter of fact, mine is too. See? Why don't we try the up-on-the-hind-legs stuff the grown-ups do?"



"Oh, you have tried it...and it didn't work. Aw shucks!...But wait—got an idea...Johnson's Baby Powder!"



"Say! When you're slicked over with that lovely, soft, slippery powder, you'll simply *glide* down the stairs!"



"Leave it to Johnson's to keep a fellow's skin smooth and comfortable! It doesn't cost much, either—so why don't you get some for your baby?"

JOHNSON'S
BABY POWDER

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MRS. TEMPLE'S DEEP SECRET

(*Continued from page 31*)

Mrs. Temple unduly praise her child, or even indirectly solicit praise for her. Never once had I heard this remarkable mother make the slightest comment which would train the spotlight on Shirley. Now, Gertrude Temple was out of character.

There was a reason for it—an important reason! As we sat spasmodically talking, there was something new in this woman's face, something new in her tone and her attitude towards Shirley. Her eyes were following the child with an intense concentration.

"She's grown, hasn't she? She'll be grown up before we know it. And she's becoming more self-reliant. I am so glad!"

Little phrases, meaningless on the surface. But significant in the light of the things she was to tell me in the next half hour. There were fine lines etched around Gertrude Temple's mouth. A drawn, harried look was in her eyes.

WHEN the scene was done, we climbed to an upper level, where Shirley's trailer was parked. In this perambulating dressing room she rested, ate her lunch and studied her lessons.

A bright-faced, alert, twinkly-eyed woman came over to speak to us. "This is a friend of mine, Mrs. ——. We have known each other since long before Shirley was born," Mrs. Temple introduced us. Then turning to her, she asked, "Shirley is eating her lunch?"

"Yes, I'll straighten her hair for the next scene as soon as she's finished."

Now, the care of Shirley's hair has been a legend in Hollywood. No other hands but her mother's had ever touched those famous curls. She washed them tenderly. She curled them on her fingers. Pinned them carefully. Laced ribbons through them herself when the role required it. No hairdresser, no wardrobe woman, no make-up artist for Shirley. Her mother did what was necessary. She attended to every slight detail of Shirley's needs.

And yet now, to another woman was relegated a mother's cherished domain. It added to my perplexity and suspicion that something was wrong. Mrs. Temple's eyes followed the competent figure of her friend.

"Shirley adores her. It makes it easier." And then Gertrude Temple began to speak, hesitantly, as if each word were only now giving complete pattern to her fear.

"I'm going to the hospital for a serious operation as soon as this picture is over. And I am afraid—not for myself, but for Shirley. If something should happen—" For a moment she was silent, as if weighing the dread possibility.

"Boys get along when a mother leaves them—and my boys are almost grown in any event. Shirley needs me—she's so very little. She'll be needing a lot of care as she grows older—not physical care, but emotional guidance. Someone who is young enough to understand her, to appreciate her problems, to keep step with her as she grows into adolescence.

"I am not worrying about Shirley's career. The studio will look after that phase. But I am worrying about Shirley as a delicately attuned human entity.

"I have never discussed Shirley's remarkable qualities. I have never wished her placed in the category of a prodigy. But she definitely has a comprehension, an instant grasp of detail and involved fact which is singular in a child of her age.

"She has a joyous spirit, loves to tease and play pranks. She has warmth, tenderness, sensitivity. I want to be certain that these qualities are guarded and developed.

"I HAVE in my own family a woman near and dear to me who would happily devote her life to Shirley. But she is well past middle life. She is entitled to serenity, to complete lack of complication to the end of her days. And the care of a growing girl can become a burden.

"So when I realized that I might not get well, I tried to find someone to take my place in Shirley's life. This friend, whom you have just met, is the woman I hope can help. I haven't told her why I have asked her along on several recent occasions. She is under the impression that I am not well enough to do everything for Shirley, and have asked her here for my own sake.

"My real reason, of course, is that I want her to learn every detail about Shirley—her little traits, her small, endearing habits, her requirements. Shirley is an extraordinarily patient child, with a well-developed sense of justice. These things must be understood about her.

"In addition, I want Shirley to get very close to this fine, lovable woman. If I don't come out of my illness, I know that





When Claire Trevor's in a picture you just know there'll be good acting. Her next will be "Stagecoach."

she will help Shirley to make adjustments, transitions.

"Shirley will have more problems than the average youngster as she grows older. She will have to be advised and guided in her adult relationships to others. She will have to develop extraordinary resources within herself against greed and selfishness and flattery. She will need wisdom and farsightedness. I have made every effort to lay the foundations for these qualities. But the process must go on. A career child, unless surrounded by loyalty and love, is at an overwhelming disadvantage.

"I want Shirley to grow normally, to have intelligent guidance and a sincere love on which to lean. I can depend on this friend to carry on. No one knows what I am doing, not even my family. I know you will guard this secret now—and use judgment in revealing it later."

Almost two years later, on the set of "The Little Princess," Mrs. Temple and I recalled the time when she faced a consuming fear. We went over the details of what she had then told me. She added, "I remember the night before I went to the hospital. My will had been made and signed. I had gone over the household matters carefully, checked over supplies and budgets and linens and silver, given careful instructions for the proper physical care of my family while I was to be in the hospital.

"Everything was done. My worldly affairs were in order. I went into the library to get a few favorite books to take with me to the hospital. And then I felt a small hand slip into mine. Shirley had come in so quietly I hadn't heard her.

"She looked up at me confidently. 'Don't be afraid, Mummy. God will take care of you.' I had to run quickly to hide my tears from her.

"God did take care of me. On many a night of pain, when I was so low that I seemed to be at the end of the road, I would remember Shirley's words, 'God will take care of you.' And her faith gave me new strength to fight. She had faith in God's goodness and care. Could I have less?"

Shirley came skipping over to have her hair-ribbon tied more securely. Again the thought came to me, that of the fortunes showered by Fate on Shirley the greatest is her remarkable mother.

As I watched the unity between mother and child, the almost tangible love, I thought to myself, "God *is* good to spare this woman for her child."

This is not only the story of a time when Mrs. Temple chose a stand-in mother for Shirley. It is the story of a courageous woman who faced a crisis gallantly!

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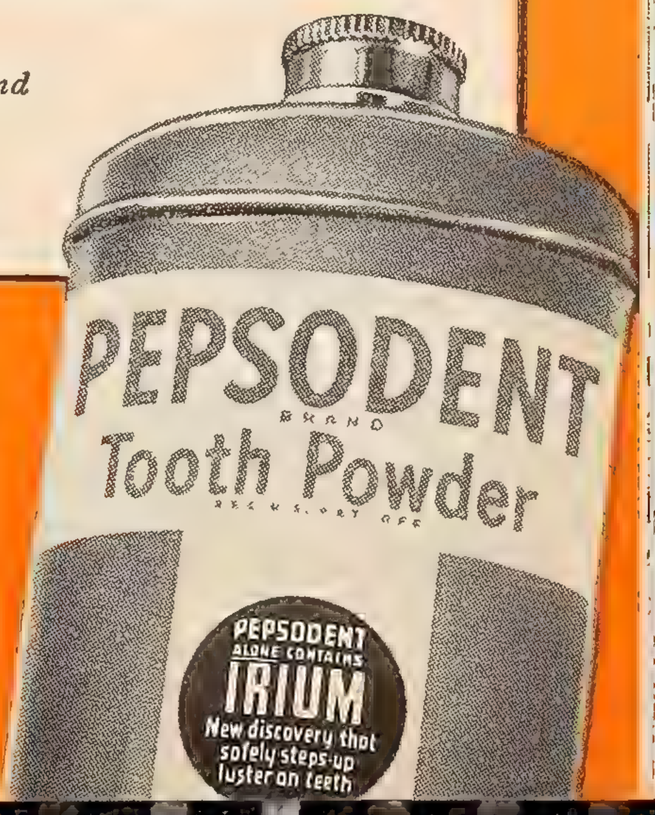
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START TODAY THE IRIUM WAY
with PEPSODENT POWDER



ON HOOKIN' A HUSBAND

(*Continued from page 50*)

would be up at six o'clock. If he didn't ask her now, he never would. Bachelors who have stayed bachelors until thirty-five have long experience at escaping, and Shirley realized that it was necessary to crowd him a bit. He was in love with her, she knew that. But the trouble with him was, he had had no experience at proposing.

The past week had been hectic. It had begun by their quarreling, parting, and agreeing never to see each other again. That was Saturday evening at Big Bear, where Ken had driven her to spend the week-end with her family. She had known him for almost a year. They had been out together a lot, they had gotten along beautifully. That was the trouble. All sweetness and nonsense. Nothing serious. No quarrels. Then that evening on the way to Big Bear they had suddenly had a spat. He was jealous about something or other, some little thing she had said. And bang, Shirley knew right then and there that they were in love.

"Goodbye!" he said, as he left her at her family's house in Big Bear.

"Not coming in?"

"No, I should say not."

"All right, goodbye to you!" And he drove off in a huff.

"What's the matter?" Shirley's mother asked when she came in. "I thought he was going to stay for the week-end, too."

"No," Shirley replied smiling. "He's never going to see me again. Isn't that wonderful?"

Her mother looked puzzled. "I don't see what's so wonderful about it. I thought you liked him. I thought—"

"That's just why it's so wonderful. Don't you see, Mother? Now I know he's really in love with me."

"If that makes sense," the mother frowned, "then I'll eat—"

"Don't, Mother!" Shirley laughed. "You'll see how nicely it all works out."

TUESDAY morning Shirley was back in Hollywood. Step One: To reach Ken on the phone, and get him to invite her to the preview that night. To do it without letting him know that she was engineering it. About noon his phone rang.

"Ken, this is Shirley. I'm calling on business. You know that contract for my radio appearance in Fort Worth Thursday night, that celebration thing. I've decided to go. I'll leave by plane in the morning. But I wanted your opinion on the contract first. May I read it to you? I mean, you've always handled my radio spots and I thought we shouldn't let out personal feelings interfere with business."

"That's right, go ahead. It's funny though, I thought you said before that you had a cold and wouldn't be able to sing."

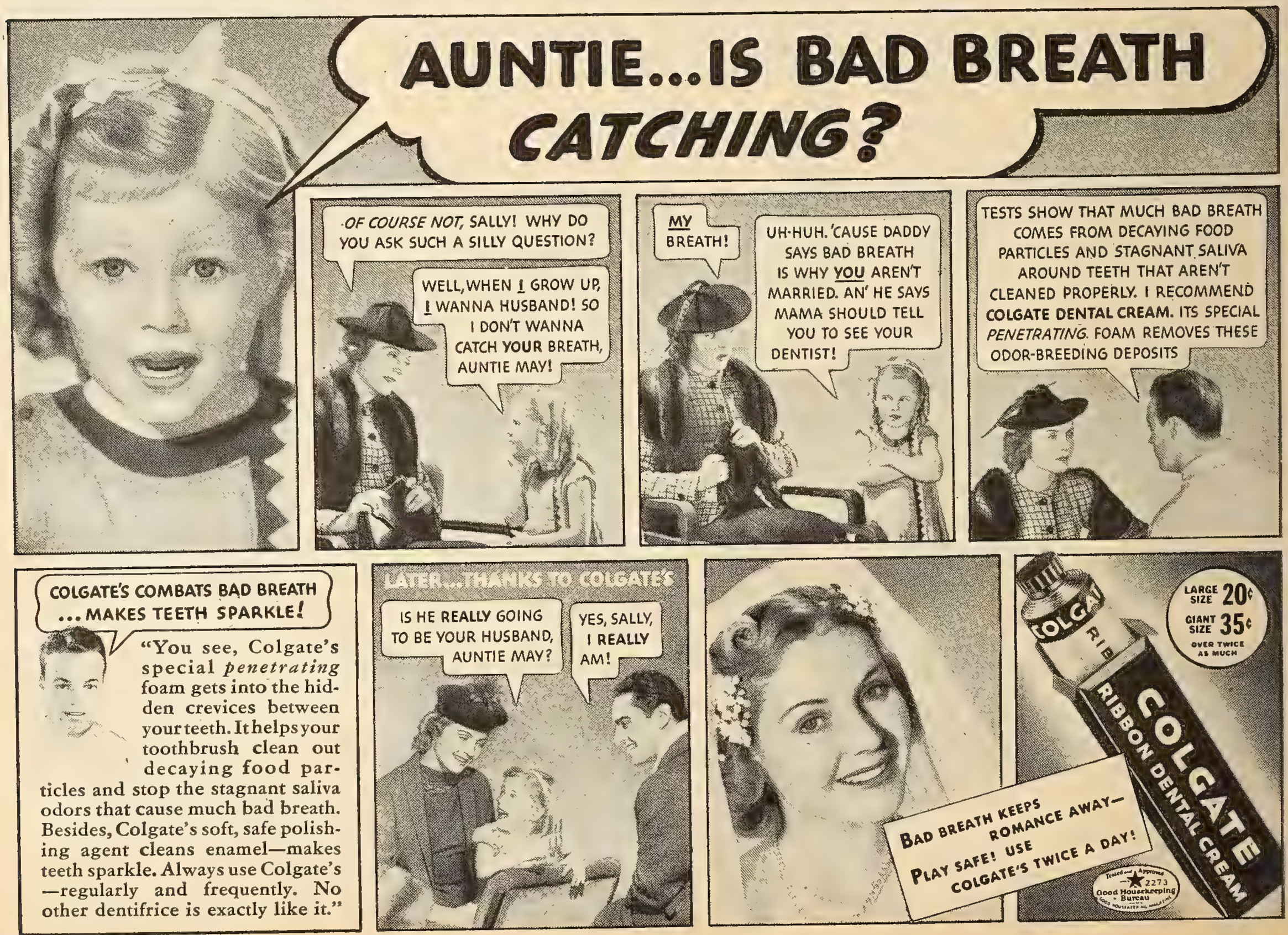
"Oh well, I'm all over it now. And I thought a change would do me good. Bob Hope's going along, and Gene Autry, and George Fisher. It might be fun. Besides, we're going to be royally entertained. Elliot Roosevelt is to be our host, and Governor Allred will be there. I'll meet lots of new people. Here's the contract. See how it sounds."

"No, don't read it now . . . I mean, those things are always hard to understand over the phone. Let's see . . . can't I stop by the house and take a look at it tonight?"

"Oh, if you want," said Shirley. And that's how it happened that shortly after eight they were on their way to a preview.

But Step Number Two didn't come about until they drove into the parking lot near the theatre. The quarrel hadn't yet been entirely erased. There was still that kiss-and-make-up moment which hadn't yet arrived. But it happened there. He was helping her out of the car, offering her his hand, when the hand suddenly gave a firm tug and pulled her to him. A second later they were in each other's arms. They were still in a clinch, horns blowing all around them, there in the full glare of headlights, when the parking attendant ventured, "Pardon, sir, but you're kind of jamming up things around here. Can't you just move a little and let those cars by?"

They moved off—in a daze. They have no recollection of what the picture was. Afterwards, still in a daze, they drifted to Victor Hugo's. At six in the morning he was again at her house to take her to the airport. Ken saw those jovial three, Bob Hope, Gene Autry and George Fisher, and frowned. Shirley saw his frown and ventured on Step Three: "Better keep in touch with me," she warned, "if you don't want these three to cast their spell on me."



Shirley, during the trip, sent only one wire, and that one not to Ken Dolan, but to Frances Langford and Jon Hall. It read as follows:

Mr. and Mrs. Jon Hall,
Hollywood, California.

Will you newlyweds do me a great favor? Call Ken and invite him and me to dinner Friday night and at dinner lay it on thick. Wedded bliss, two live cheaper than one, marriage is the only thing, etc. I'll tell you why later.

SHIRLEY ROSS.

The fruits of that telegram were the greatest step forward so far. Shirley arrived in Hollywood Friday afternoon and that evening she and Ken joined the Halls at dinner. The publicity that the Halls gave that great institution of Marriage was better than even Shirley had hoped for. Nor did their feelings have to be acted. When she left at the end of the evening Shirley was sure that the trick had worked, that any minute Ken was going to suggest the same for them. But no soap. "Goodnight, honey," he said at the door. "Shall we have lunch together tomorrow?"

BY SATURDAY noon, Shirley was a little frantic. If the Halls hadn't worked, she didn't know what would. Perhaps she should have picked a couple with children. She happened to know that Morton Downey was taking a couple of his children to the Vendome that noon. On the way to lunch Ken asked her to pick her lunch spot. A few minutes later they were at the Vendome, sitting right next to Downey and his brood. Step Number Five:

"I love children, don't you, Ken?"

"Certainly do!" And that was that.

A sixth resort was to take him to a romantic movie. Shirley had seen "Four Daughters" and knew it to have just the right atmosphere. There were marriages popping all through that picture. "I hear there's a good movie, called 'Four Daughters,'" she suggested.

But they saw all seven reels with their three marriages, and still the idea hadn't clicked in Ken Dolan's mind. After the movie, here they were, sitting in the Seven Seas, Shirley practicing the one thing she hadn't yet tried. If she could only force the idea into his mind, she knew he would like it all right. He'd been a bachelor for so long he just wasn't used to thinking of marriage.

Time hurried on. It would soon be six. If he didn't ask her now, then the jeweler's store would be closed. They wouldn't be able to get a ring tonight—and the marriage must be tonight. She had set her heart on it.

Well, they say that if you work hard enough and long enough at anything, the goal is always won, and that goes too, it would appear, for mental telepathy.

At eight minutes of six Ken Dolan finally crashed through. "Darling!" he said, "I've just thought of something wonderful! A marvelous idea. Let's get married! Right now, tonight, I mean!"

Shirley bounded up. "Quick, honey, let's get going. Pay your bill. We'll have to hurry. We have only eight minutes. The shops close at six."

He was hurt. "Darling, you don't like my idea? I talk of marriage and you talk of shopping!"

"Your idea?" she shrieked happily. "Ken Dolan, that's what we're going to shop for—a wedding ring!"

Did it matter that in the rush the only ring they could get was too small? Did it matter that it was a stormy night and no pilot wanted to fly them to Las Vegas? Did it matter that they had to drive all night, without food, that they got lost,



Assurance of Charm comes when you make up to Romance. Avoid Nose Shine..Choose Powder that *Dramatizes* your Skin



FACE TO FACE with your man, does fear of shiny nose spoil your charm?

The oiliness that causes that shine is often aggravated by germs. What a relief then to know about Woodbury Facial Powder! A special ingredient in Woodbury Powder hinders the growth of germs and so makes this fine powder especially good against shiny nose. Stays on! 7 shades—chosen to *dramatize* a girl's natural coloring. The newest shade—*Champagne*—sponsored by Mme. Suzy of Paris. *Windsor Rose* is the new shade for pink-tinted skin. Face close-ups with assurance! Wear Woodbury Powder. $1.00, 50¢, 25¢, 10¢ everywhere. Complete your make-up with Woodbury Rouge and Lipstick.

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YOURS ... SMART NEW MAKE-UP KIT

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Please send me *new* Woodbury Make-up Kit, containing attractive metal compacts of Woodbury Facial Powder, Rouge and Lipstick; tube of Woodbury Cold Cream. I enclose 10c to cover packing and postage.

CHECK MAKE-UP DESIRED

CHAMPAGNE *(For golden skin)* ☐ WINDSOR ROSE *(For pink skin)* ☐

Name _____

Address _____

went a hundred and fifty miles out of their way, and didn't arrive in Las Vegas until seven in the morning?

It did not. But it had all been pretty hectic, pretty mad. At eight they stood before the judge, so tired they could scarcely see, or think.

In the middle of the ceremony the judge said, "Just a minute—won't you please put that ring all the way on?"

"I can't," said Shirley. "It's not that kind of a ring."

The judge looked doubtful. "Oh, all right. Now, Mr. Dolan, will you repeat after me, 'With this ring I do thee wed.'"

Ken got the first part all right, but the last threw him, "I dee thoo wed," he said sweetly, foolishly. They were so tired, they didn't even notice. Only the witnesses laughed.

Afterwards Shirley suddenly remembered something. "Ken! I was married without any flowers—not even one little violet! Oh Ken, isn't it terrible! Not one little eensey-teensey violet!" For a moment it looked as though she were going to cry.

"There, there," he said, "don't cry. I'll buy your God damned violets." And at the nearest florist, he did!

And so Mr. Ken Dolan gave up his bachelorhood, on what he thought was his own very wonderful idea. But it will appear that it was Shirley who had the idea first and who followed through on it right to the finish, with perfect Northwest Mounted get-your-man tactics. That's the way with most romances, actually, in Hollywood, in Podunk, anywhere.

Of course it takes a little time to thoroughly domesticate an ex-dyed-in-the-wool bachelor, but Shirley is working on that, too, at the moment. Shortly after she moved her things into his house, the house began to have a new air about it. It had been so plain, so tailored, so mannish before. Now there is porcelain bric-a-brac on the mantel, and frills on the window curtains. That day she did the "fixing up," she also moved his favorite chair into another corner. That night when he came in, he saw none of the lovely new touches, the flowers in the vases, nothing. Only that chair.

"Why darling, that doesn't go there. That chair has to be here, by this lamp, so I can read!"

In that moment Shirley was the perennial bride, pouting and crying in disappointment over the first batch of burned biscuits. "All right," she said, "I'll put it back, but you're not very observant. Look at all the other nice things I've done with the room."

He looked then, and agreed everything was just dandy.

But there is a point still to be made about that chair. "It went back to its original place," Shirley admits. "That is, almost to its original place, about a foot to the left. You see, what I'm trying to do now is to move it over gradually, every day a foot or two. I figure that about March it'll be just where I want it."

And considering what has gone before, there is scarcely a gambler in the world who would take a bet that it won't be!



ARE YOU A BRUNETTE? There's a special shade of Colorinse for every shade of hair—to accent the natural color, make it really sparkle and shine with rich beauty



ARE YOU A BLONDE? Bring out all the golden glamour of your hair with Colorinse—the tint-rinse that gives it the youthful radiance of brilliant, sparkling highlights!

Complete every shampoo with your own shade of Nestle Colorinse. It rinses away shampoo film; glorifies the natural color of the hair while blending in grey or faded streaks. Colorinse makes your hair soft, lustrous and easy to wave.

Colorinse is quick, easy and simple to use. Pure and harmless; not a dye or bleach. It costs so little, too — only a few pennies for each Colorinse. Two rinses for 10c in 10-cent stores; 25c for five rinses at drug and department stores.

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MEN DON'T GO FOR GLAMOR!

(*Continued from page 27*)

grown up. I stared at the photograph and then at the woman before me, and marvelled at how well Claudette had learned to bring out her good points.

Thinking of all this, I threw Claudette's words back at her, "You told me seven years ago that 'No man ought ever to marry an actress.' Do you still feel that way about it?"

"Did I really say all that?" laughed Claudette.

"Yes," I reminded her, "seven years ago you said to me, 'A man can be ideally happy only if he is married to a woman who is completely interested in him and his work. An actress or artist never is. She can never forget her own work sufficiently to become absorbed in her husband's interests to the exclusion of her own.'"

The new Claudette sat back and considered, then took another puff at her cigarette. "I still think," she said, "that an actress is not the ideal wife for the average man, but she may be a perfectly grand wife for a man who understands the demands of her profession. After all," said Claudette, "actresses have to get married, too. Whether a woman makes a nickel a week or has a million dollar income I don't think she can be completely happy unless she's in love with some man and he is in love with her. Perfect independence can be very misleading."

I told Claudette of a woman I'd once known who had made her husband miserable because of her own sense of financial independence. When they were married, they had agreed to live on his income, but she had money of her own, and when he refused to get something on which she had set her heart, she would say, "Oh, well, all right, if you won't, then I'll get it out of my own money."

"Undoubtedly," Claudette said, "that was a mistake, and the woman was very tactless. No man likes to have his pride hurt that way. For centuries men were the sole providers, and now when modern economic conditions sometimes make that impossible the least women can do is to be diplomatic.

"I think a woman makes a mistake when she tries to be too modern. It isn't humanly possible to live your life exactly as a man does. The double standard existed yesterday, it exists today, and I believe it will exist tomorrow. Which is, I think, as most women prefer. What nearly every woman wants is to find the one most perfect companion for her and then settle down with him."

As Claudette talked, I recalled the picture "Ex-Wife," so enormously popular a few years ago. It told the story of an all too modern woman who set out to lead her life according to a man's code and who was told off by Robert Montgomery, when he said, "Men like their women, like their liquor, straight."

THAT, I think, is a sentiment with which Claudette would be quick to agree. Undoubtedly she remembers that her own venture into a very modern, sophisticated type of marriage didn't work—and so she is wary of glittering theories about modernism which sound so much better on paper than they ever work out. Today she doesn't believe that men want the women they love to be too glamorous.

"When a man's really in love," she said, "he doesn't like to see his girl all painted and powdered up to the very teeth. Before he's in love it's perfectly all right with him if a girl wears her fingernails long and scarlet—but afterward he usually wants her to wear a lighter shade of polish. When he's not in love, she can wear gold lacquer in her hair for all he cares, but the moment he really falls, the more natural she is, the

more simply she dresses, the better."

"But don't you think," I asked, "that a man likes a woman who is mysterious, whose mind and heart he can never fathom?"

Claudette looked amused. "Goodness knows," she laughed, "all men don't react alike—and thank heavens for that. But, on the whole, I don't think men prefer mystery in women. That sort of thing is all right on the screen, but at home it wouldn't go over so well. Think of having to put up with glamor twenty-four hours a day!"

I thought, instead, of a successful writer, who, after watching a famous siren emote on the screen, that evening greeted her husband with an exact copy of the siren's soulful look. Instead of being devastated, he was worried. "What's the matter with you?" he asked. "Are you sick?"

"Look at the most popular male actors on the screen," Claudette said. "Do most of them marry beautiful glamorous women? They do not. The happiest ones are generally married to plain, intelligent women who are sweet and natural at home."

"But don't you think," I asked, "that a business man who has seen beautiful, extremely well dressed women around him all day is going to feel frightfully bored if he comes home to a wife who's very plainly dressed?"

"Of course," said Claudette, "I don't mean the woman ought to be a sloven. But in the privacy of her home she needn't wear false eyelashes and heavy make-up either. You can let your hair down when you're alone with the man you love—and he'll love you all the more for it.

"Certainly, I think men like their wives or sweethearts to look super-glamorous when they're going out. When he introduces his wife or the girl he loves to a group of men friends, a man wants her to look entrancing. Then she's on parade, and he'll be very happy indeed if in the other men's eyes he sees a look of envy at his luck in winning this perfectly gorgeous creature. At other times, however, the more natural she is the better he likes it.

OFTEN I've read articles saying that if a man likes a certain type of girl and you aren't that type, you ought to transform yourself. Maybe I'm wrong, but I can't agree. Suppose a woman goes to all the trouble of transforming herself into a new type. Finding that the man she's interested in likes fluffy women, she pretends to be fluffy, although she really is a very sane, practical person. Or perhaps she learns that the man she wants adores domestic women. Though she hates to boil an egg, she immediately pretends a great passion for everything domestic. Or suppose she's naturally a butterfly and finds he hates social butterflies, so she pretends to be a demure Alice-sit-by-the-fire.

"Sooner or later that act is going to catch up with her. Even though she may keep it up for six months, all the time she's under a strain acting a part she doesn't really feel. And some day she's going to forget all about the role she's playing, or she's going to say to herself, 'The devil with it' and go back to being herself. If she has won the man through an assumed personality, what's going to happen then? Unless I'm very much mistaken, there's a lot of trouble ahead, and she may even lose him altogether.

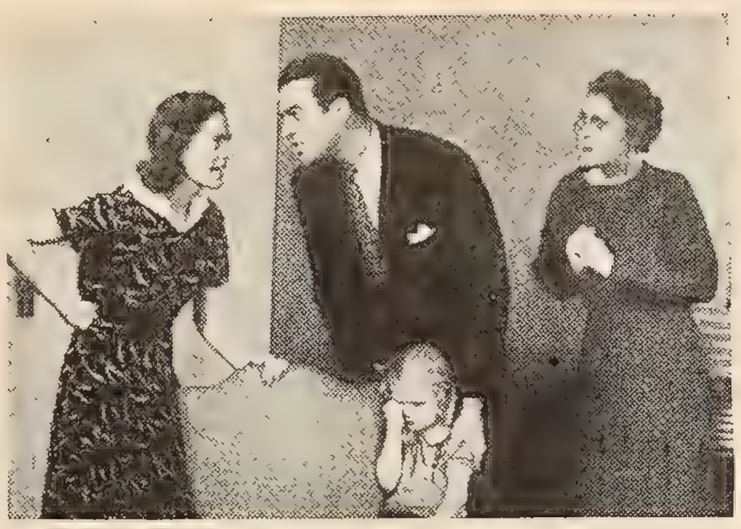
"Of course I agree that a woman ought to analyze her faults and correct them if she can, but that's far different from trying to change her type. The only thing you can safely do is to be yourself and be content with attracting the type of man who likes what you naturally are. Study the man, yes, so you won't hurt his feelings or antagonize him, but don't try to change your type to please him."

"Do you think," I asked, "that women

"Why does my mother-in-law *always* take my husband's side?"



How Mary used modern methods for her baby — despite interference!



MARY: John, will you take your hands off that child and listen to ME for a change?
JOHN: I'll handle this MY way! I'll *make* her take it . . .



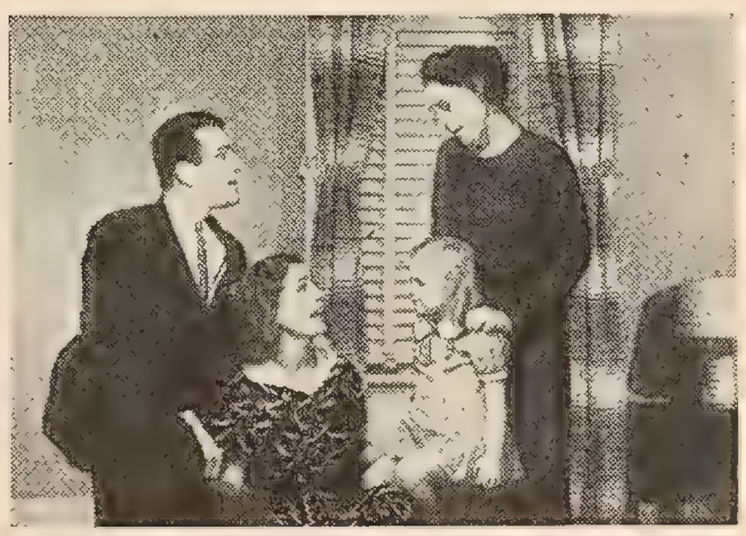
MOTHER-IN-LAW: My dear, you know John is ALWAYS right . . .
MARY: Oh mother . . . please . . . *please* . . .



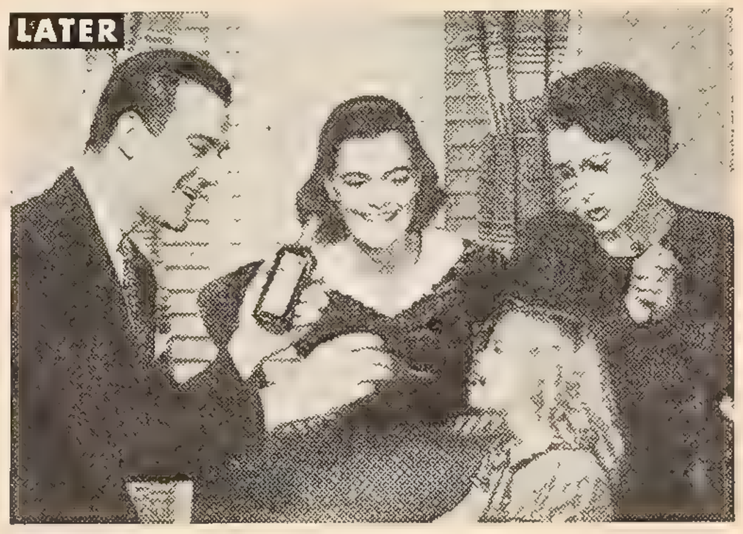
MOTHER-IN-LAW: But I'm only trying to help . . . !
MARY: But I *don't need help!* It so happens I talked with the doctor this morning. He said it's old-fashioned to *force* Sally to take a nasty-tasting laxative. It's liable to shock her nerves and upset her digestive system.



MARY: He told me to get a PLEASANT-TASTING laxative that Sally would take willingly, but not one made for adults. A grown-up's laxative can be TOO STRONG for ANY child's insides. He said that the modern method of *special* care calls for a *special* laxative, too. So he recommended Fletcher's Castoria.



MOTHER-IN-LAW: Fletcher's Castoria?
MARY: Yes! The doctor said Fletcher's Castoria is the modern laxative made especially, and *only,* for children. It's SAFE . . . has no harsh drugs. And children simply love its taste!



JOHN: Look, mother, look! . . . she's taking Fletcher's Castoria like a lamb!
MOTHER-IN-LAW: Humph! Looks like maybe the modern method is best, after all.
MARY: We'll have some peace around here now.

Chas. H. Fletcher **CASTORIA**

The modern—SAFE—laxative made especially and ONLY for children

24 KARAT Gold Finish CHARM BRACELET GIVEN! To Introduce TAYTON'S Silk-Sifted Face Powder

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GIVES YOUR SKIN THAT "GLAMOUR ILLUSION"—like the down on a flower petal the new fashions demand—and to introduce TAYTON'S silk-sifted face powder this beautiful 24 karat gold finish charm bracelet, with four good luck charms attached—a 24 karat gold finish horse shoe, four leaf clover, wishbone, and bluebird, designed exactly like the exquisite $50.00 bracelet presented to Margaret Lindsay for her great picture work, will be sent to the first 10,000 customers who send only 10c and the pink band from around a 10c or 25c box of TAYTON'S silk-sifted face powder. Sifted through silk to a flattering fineness to give "glamour illusion". Stays on longer—does not cake. Newest shades.

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ESTHER MUIR MURIEL EVANS EVELYN DAW
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Buy a box of TAYTON'S face powder in your 10c store. Tear off pink band around box. Mail the pink band and 10c coin to Tayton Co., Dept. R, 811 West 7th St., Los Angeles, California and you will receive charm bracelet. Send pink band and 10c today.

Note: If your 10c store is not as yet stocked tell manager to order—and send 20c for both powder (state shade wanted) and bracelet to Tayton Co., Dept. R, 811 West 7th St., Los Angeles, Calif.

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TAYTON'S
CREAM-POWDER-LIPSTICK-ROUGE

ought to get the things they want from men by guile?"

"Sometimes women do get ahead or do win the men they want through guile," Claudette admitted, "but the kind of success they win or the temporary happiness they get isn't usually worth having. Certainly I've known little pussy-cat women who did everything very guilefully and, for a while, everything seemed to come their way. I've also known gentle, clinging vines who, underneath the surface, were more ruthless than the women who were direct and honest. By pretending to be helpless, they sometimes inveigled men into doing things they wouldn't have done for other women. But in the end these clinging vines generally ruined their own happiness. Other women see through guileful women, and men, too, catch up with them, eventually.

"Of course, I don't mean one should be tactless. Naturally, tact is a great asset. Today," Claudette summed up, "it's an accepted thing that men and women work side by side, but a girl doesn't have to flaunt her sex appeal in an office to get what she wants. Neither does she have to use all the traditional feminine weapons. She needn't dress like an early suffragette, but she must dress appropriately."

"Do you think," I asked Claudette, "that women dress to please men?" Again she looked at me with amusement.

"No, I don't think they do. Women dress to please other women. Men loathe the new hats, but how many women pass up the latest most chichi models because of their husbands? A great many women are wearing their hair up, because stylists have said that upswept coiffures are new and smart. But when a fashion magazine recently asked a group of men what they thought of it, though a few sophisticates said they were glad to see women's necks for a change, a great many other men said, more honestly, that the upswept coiffure made women look older."

Claudette herself wears her hair off the ears, with soft bangs falling over her forehead, and likes upswept hair only with evening clothes, particularly with the period evening dresses now coming into vogue.

"To get back to the question of whether or not this is a man's world," Claudette said, "women today are respected for the things they actually accomplish. When men speak with the greatest awe and respect of the achievements of women flyers, when one of the best-loved and most highly respected persons in the United States is Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, when our Secretary of Labor is a woman, whom the country admires as a very competent person, how can anyone truthfully say, 'It's a man's world?'

"In almost every field of achievement women have opportunities equal to men's. To a large extent, women are trained to earn a living. Nearly every girl is now taught a trade or profession. No, indeed, I don't think it's a man's world. Or a woman's world. It's everybody's world." Claudette repeated.

Then she smiled and said, "I'd rather you didn't write anything saccharine about me. I loathe interviews which describe an actress in terms of sheer flattery."

Claudette is one of the very few Hollywood actresses who feel that way. Most of them think the more sugary an article is, the better. But Claudette would run screaming in horror from a vision of herself as a super-personality.

She continued, "I never talk about my private life. No one really does, I think, though they may seem to. After all, when any actress talks about her private life, she describes it, not as it really is, but as she wishes you to think it is."

That, I thought, was perfectly true, and an interesting example of Claudette's honesty. Today she is softer, happier, more poised than she has ever been. Rarely do I meet an actress who has so few nervous mannerisms. Generally they brush their hair back with their fingers or smooth out an imaginary dress fold. I've even seen an otherwise glamorous actress rub a dime over her face and forehead, quite unconscious of what she was doing. But Claudette is so perfectly poised that if she has a single nervous mannerism, I didn't detect it. To me that is conclusive proof of the happiness she has found, and explains why, where once she believed that "modern women are out on a limb" and that their independence had killed romance, where once she believed that "it is harder for two people in the professions or arts to be happy together over a period of years than if they had nothing to do but to come home to each other," today Claudette Colbert knows that any woman who has found her perfect companion has found happiness that is almost beyond belief.



Looks like some lucky farmer found a nest of starlets in his hay loft. Left to right, they're Susan Hayward, Peggy Moran, Janet Shaw and Jan Holm. Slick chicks, huh?

A LANE ALONE

(*Continued from page 39*)

work. So I hope I won't fall in love. When that happens it's apt to be pretty serious with me.

"I want to work and improve myself in every way. I can't hand myself much on the looks item," laughed Pat, "so I've got to develop from within, as 'twere. I'm certainly thankful for make-up! The screen has given me sort of a shock about the way I look. You know how it is when you look in a mirror. You sort of pose and tilt your head at its most attractive angle. You're at your best and think, 'Not bad at all!' But when you see yourself on the screen, in action, you're seeing yourself as others see you. When I saw my first screen test I groaned out loud. I never knew I was that boring. That's the reaction I got. I was plain bored.

"When I saw myself crying on the screen . . . well, golly, I never knew that I looked like *that* when I cried. I'd always thought of myself as a sort of damsel-in-distress, crying tears like white stars and all that. A kind of a water lily, you know . . . I guess everyone has illusions but you get over them when you see yourself on the screen. Of course, you have a close-up now and then where they've been very careful with the lighting and then you look nice, even to yourself, but in action. . . ."

I SAID, "But you must be pleased with some of your features. You know that you are very pr . . ."

"Don't say it," laughed Pat. "And don't forget I'm wearing make-up now. I do like my eyebrows very much. I wouldn't pluck them or change them for anything. My eyes are reasonably expressive and that's important. I . . ."

"I like your mouth," I interrupted, seemingly unable to keep mine shut. "It has character. It's sensuous, makes you look altogether different from any other blonde."

"Before I had my teeth straightened," said honest Pat, "my mouth was pretty bad. My lower lip sort of lopped around and went off every which way. I've had to put in quite a stint of time and thought, training my mouth to behave.

"But of course," sighed Pat, "I have a great many other things to overcome. My worst fault is stubbornness. I have a tendency to get hurt at something someone says or does, and go around not telling them about it, but feeling injured, which is, of course, revolting. I'm also inclined to be very impatient, want Rome built in a day. I'm working on these defects.

"I am pretty honest, though, I think," said Pat, weighing her faults and virtues on the shining scale of her young fearlessness. "I won't fawn on people, and then talk about them behind their backs. I never gush, not even when it might be to my advantage. I have a lot of childish fears and superstitions to overcome. I don't like aeroplanes, for instance. Now I must get over that.

"My other superstitions are even sillier. I picked up pins until I got into pictures and had fifteen fittings a day. Then I had to get over that—or make a lifework of it. I knock on wood and avoid stepping on cracks in sidewalks. If a bird flies in the window, I fly out. I believe that seven is my lucky number. No reason . . . I wasn't born on the seventh. June twelfth is my birthday. I'm not the seventh daughter of a seventh daughter. And I can't remember that anything special ever happened to me on a seventh. I just like the number. I always count to seven before



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(Lovely Hollywood Star)

"Have lovely smooth hands," advises Madeleine Carroll, co-star in Paramount's "Cafe Society". Jergens Lotion helps prevent ugly roughness and chapping; furnishes beautifying moisture for hand skin.



*Madeleine Carroll and Fred MacMurray co-starred in Paramount's "Cafe Society". Note her charming hands!

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I want to see how Jergens Lotion helps to make my hands smooth, soft and white. Please send your generous *free sample* of Jergens!

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You'll *want* to get the Dentyne daily health habit when you taste its spicy, rich flavor! Long-lasting, delicious! Slip the neatly flat package (exclusive Dentyne feature) into your pocket or purse—an ever-handy treat!

DENTYNE
DELICIOUS CHEWING GUM

going into an important scene. People who see me think I'm talking to myself!

"I'm not very domestic," Priscilla went on unravelling herself thoughtfully. "But I think that's because I've never had time to be. It's another reason why I hope to wait at least a couple of years before falling in love, matrimonially, anyway. I want to get time to bake another cake! I did bake a cake, once. It was good, too. I love to scrub and scour. I'm always cleaning my dresser drawers, even when they don't need it. And they almost never do on account of how Mother does everything like that for us—I mean for me.

"We have a new house now, you know, sort of a farm-housy place. The very first home of our own we've ever had, and is it exciting! Rosema . . . I mean, I share a room. It's perfectly darling, too, all furnished in maple with blue wall paper (my favorite color) with pin stripes of red and white. The carpet is blue and the curtains are foamy white net, just yards and yards of it. Very feminine, you know. I love my room to be dainty even if I do wear slacks and am mad about horses, hiking and biking. I was always the tomboy of the family. While my sis . . . while other girls were playing with dolls I was always balancing on the edge of the neighbors' roofs, or climbing the tallest tree in town, or acting like a jitterbug on stilts.

"I'm crazy about horses, you know. I read every book I can find about them. I go to all the races I can get to. And a rodeo to me is like a matinee, complete with idol, to other girls. I'd rather have hay in my hair than a tiara any day. And I adore cats. We have seven more at home now. Sons and daughters of our old Dilly and Dally. That makes about twenty-seven now.

BUT as I was saying, I think I'd be quite an efficient housewife. I'm very neat. I like towels hung up in the bathroom and the tops put on toothpaste tubes and all that. I wake up early in the mornings, too. I'm no sleepy-head, breakfast-ty-in-bed spoiledly-cat. I sort of sing around when I first get up.

"I'm inclined to be sort of either away up or away down. I can be the silliest person in the world. You won't have to go far to corroborate that statement. But I can also be quiet, well, grave. If I have script changes facing me, or difficult lines to speak, I'm pretty grim about it. Those are serious matters.

"I don't think I'm extravagant, either. That should promise well for me as a wife. I hate to shop. I do have fifty pairs of shoes, which is extravagance, of course. No one needs fifty pairs of shoes. I do buy quite a lot of slacks and sweaters and Lanz of Salzburg things. And perfumes and toilet waters march all over our—my room like battalions of sweet little soldiers. But I don't go in for expensive furs or jewels or gowns that cost a fortune.

"I go on eating sprees. For days I'll be absolutely crazy over chocolate cake. I'll eat it three times a day and between meals. Then I'll go on a mashed potato and gravy jag. Or a corn-on-the-cob binge. I'm a one-food woman, too," laughed Pat. "One at a time. . . ."

Fay Bainter, seated at a table across the Green Room Commissary, was casting meaningful looks in Priscilla's direction.

"Time to go back to the set, Maw?" Priscilla sang out.

"Yes, my darling daughter!" sang back Miss Bainter.

"Very pat dialogue," I remarked admiringly. "You are playing Fay Bainter's daughter in 'Yes, My Darling Daughter,' aren't you?"

"Right," said Pat. "And we didn't rehearse that little patter, either. Well, I gotta go. Anyway, I've told you everything I know about myself from the inside out—except this: The one thing I want most is to make my mother happy and to give her everything. Then, I don't want to hurt anybody because I think that is the worst sin. I really do try to follow the Golden Rule. I want to improve myself and later on marry and have a home and babies. I want happiness . . . and in that," grinned Pat, "I am not 'a Lane alone.' I am just like every girl, everywhere."

ONE STAR COMIN' UP

(*Continued from page 37*)

to wrestling at small clubs about town. But, as matches were few and far between, and I got only twenty-five dollars apiece for them, I looked for a steady job. I found one as bouncer in an uptown beer saloon, only to become aware of an excellent prospect of being bounced out on my own ear by one of the husky customers. Now I'll tell you something I've never told for print. My toughest job of all was taking care of three little children in Central Park every day, for which I was paid eight dollars a week. It wasn't a very prideful post for a young man of twenty-two to be nursemaid to those kids, a fact finally borne in upon me by playful cracks of passers-by, such as, 'He's so young to be a father!' I couldn't take it."

While marveling at the versatility of this enterprising wage-earner, I wondered if he had managed to "take" Hollywood.

"Not at first," he was frank to say. "I knew no one, and I was lonely. No one here is particular to know you unless you've done something big. Hollywood's a pretty cold-blooded town. It gives you a feeling of futility and robs you of self-confidence. This is the great danger. But if a performer has something to deliver, his chance to do it will come. A little patience can survive anything. There's no use tearing your equipment to pieces by throwing a wrench in the works. No matter how hard up I've been I've always known I could sing for my supper."

Here was my chance to hear that world-wide song which had come down as a family heirloom, but it was lunch time, and anyway I rested content with asking the exact relationship of its author.

"I'm not sure, but I think John Howard Payne was my great-uncle—I'll have to look it up some day," came the casual reply. "The trouble with him was that he did too many things at the same time. Except for that, I believe he would have been a great man. Because of it he was through at twenty-three. No one had any further use for him. By that time he had been a prodigy fawned upon in New York, Boston and Baltimore, had appeared on the Boston stage as the first American 'Hamlet,' was known as poet and playwright, and had written the operetta, 'Clarri, the Maid of Milan,' produced at Covent Garden in London, not to mention 'Home, Sweet Home,' done earlier and interpolated into that piece.

"I'm not interested if there's a slight family shadow in life's Hall of Fame, for at most it could mean only a Jack-of-All-Trades. Not that I've ever stuck to one line of work. At sixteen I took up my first

irplane, was interested in aeronautical ngineering, too, but my inaptitude for nathematics queered that attempt. Though 've made models of plans and gliders, my pproach has been instinctive rather than nethodical, and you can't be emotional in our attitude toward an exact science.

"Everything I've done, or tried to do, has een actuated by a sort of wish complex. studied music at prep school, just as my nother, Ida Schaeffer, trained for the 'Met.' Yes, it's the obvious conclusion that I got ny voice, such as it is, from her. I sang n the radio, but was also an adagio dancer n vaudeville on the Southern circuit. I oured with jazz bands before going on the nusical comedy stage and finally had the reat good fortune to be with Beatrice illie in 'At Home Abroad.' So, you see, 've always dabbled."

It crossed my vagrant mind that young Ir. Payne might have looked up to Rudy allee, or some other crooner and band eader, as an ideal.

"I've never even thought of jazz leadrs," he stoutly protested. "I don't share he adulation paid them, all this talk you ear. Perhaps it's because I've seen so nuch of them. I've been around musicians nd band leaders a good deal. It's all just trick. I think jazz, so far as working at seriously is concerned, is a waste of time, nd after my kid experience I shied away rom it.

"But I did get a big kick out of playng the band leader in 'Garden of the Moon' and a jolt out of watching the scenes uild together. First of all, it gives you a ood feeling to be entrusted with a good art. But now it's a case of my finding ut just what particular kind of guy I want o be. Hollywood is the Mecca of the semirtistic, and therefore a bit confusing. What Hollywood has given me is interest and noney—and that, of course, is a great deal. But I still feel I want something more."

In a naive attempt to be helpful, I brightly suggested he might want to be a star.

"No doubt being a star is pleasant," he patiently surmised, "but it is not a necessity, at least with me. I shall not break my heart trying to be one—it's not worth it. A star becomes something not quite human, and I don't want to be a freak."

His revolutionary point of view was nothing if not original. But what, then, could he possibly want to be?

LATER I should like to get into the production angle. I am interested in people, not stars, in naturalness, not artifice. A person learns how to act, I believe, in watching people, not by watching other actors. The fact is that the lifeblood of pictures is based on types, not on performances. Yet there is no reason why pictures can't be just as experimental as the theatre is today. Everything now written for the theatre points to pictures, both plays and music.

"All I knew about acting before coming to Hollywood was playing Laertes in "Hamlet," Henry-Something-or-Other in another Shakespearean tragedy, and Captain Absolute in 'The Rivals' at the Lab Theatre in Morningside. But I did learn something about music in a Shubert musical repertory company on the road.

"They brought me out here to sing, but didn't let me do anything of that sort until this studio gave me a break—and I'm certainly thankful to them. Though I like what I'm doing, I shall not stay in pictures for the rest of my life. I should like to indulge a lot of whims, travel, for one. That's not in the least unusual, probably pretty trite. But I never mean to be an idler. There's such a thing as having too much fun. Eventually I want to do research in English literature. That interests me."

There spoke good common-sense. But was this jazz-boy of the screen, after all, going academic on me? That would never do. Maybe a cigarette would work a change. No, he had never smoked. No bad habits. This was wild Hollywood!

"Hollywood's no different from any other place where people work for a living," was his opinion.

But surely its girls didn't run to pattern?

"Girls here," he granted, "are intelligent, and all of them interesting in one way or another. In fact, one of them interested me so much that I proposed to her a week after we'd met. I've now been married nearly a year and a half to Anne Shirley."

Sounded romantic. But did the youthful Benedict whose good looks could easily cause widespread heart trouble in the feminine world ever feel that his married state might ruin screen romance?

"Never even thought of that," said the fast worker outside the cinematic vineyard. "And if my bosses ever said any such thing to me I'd tell 'em to jump in the lake."

With the water cure assured to possible anti-marital producers, Mr. Payne turned to the brighter side of Hollywoodian matrimony, saying, "Oddly enough, previews of my wife's picture, 'Mother Carey's Chickens,' and the one I was in took place on the same night, and both seemed to get by. Anne went to mine, instead of her own, and wired me to Florida about it. What she said made me very happy but, naturally, she was a little prejudiced."

Waiving his undue modesty, I ventured to remark it must be pleasant to have two hits in one family.

"Yes," he grinned, "the Payne family is doing all right."

Good boy! Never mind the man in the moon. It's that young fellow on the other side of it who will bear watching.

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FUN AT FARRELL'S

Yes, it's nice work if you can "take it"—and some have survived



An evening at Glenda's boasts all the peace and quietness of Grand Central Station.

Glenda and Otto Kruger in a sympathetic scene from one of her latest pictures, "Exposed."



BY RUTH RANKIN

JUST A QUIET little family dinner on Tuesday," Glenda said over the telephone, "at six o'clock. I know that sounds perfectly uncivilized, but we like to have dinner over early so the evening is ahead to talk or play bridge."

"That's fine," we accepted, in an awed voice. The idea of Glenda's having a quiet little dinner is what inspired the awe. It seemed that the world's most gregarious gal, who loved to feed people in regiments instead of squads, had settled down at last. Without the two pianos and the caterer's men getting in your hair, it wouldn't seem like the same old place. Well, it happens to everyone some time and a very good thing too, no doubt, this settling down business.

We arrived at six-thirty. All was dark around the Farrell estate. After five minutes, Teresa came to the door, yawning. Miss Farrell? Oh, Miss Farrell went to a cocktail party, but she would be home any time now. Well, were we there for dinner? Just make ourselves comfortable, advised Teresa as she departed muttering something about how it must be nearly time to get her roast in the oven.

Enter Tommy, the Farrell heir, wearing a pair of blue jeans which looked as if they had been dredged from the harbor and hung on a nail to dry. He was working on two apples, one in each hand.

"Did you know," he opened the conversation, "my mother is allergic to mushrooms? Allergic means you can't take it. I'm allergic to spinach, but it doesn't help."

The door flew open and enter Madame, fresh as a May morning, shedding hat, gloves, coat and bag on the way, embracing everybody, talking sixteen to the dozen. (Glenda has a beau who says he automatically bends over to pick up something, every time she stands.)

"Well, so you got here at last," exclaimed Glenda, blandly ignoring the clock which says seven fifteen. And "What, no cocktails? Teresa, please shake up something."

"I would, Miss Farrell," mourns Teresa, "if there was anything to shake."

The tail of Glenda's eye catches cousin Dick, who has, it seems, just decided not to enter. "Hey, you! Tommy, go on out. I can't have my style cramped at a time like this." Tommy exits, grinning sympathetically at Dick.

"So, you had the boys in last night, and you were only going to give them two rounds? And now there's nothing in the house. Here we are with company and we can't even give them a cocktail. A fine business!"

Aunt Margaret strolls in with her permanent cup of tea—the gayest spirit of them all, but sentimental Irish enough to dote on a good sob on the slightest provocation. Dick then plays the piano. (*Continued on page* 100)

WE CALL HIM GLAMOR BOY

(*Continued from page 33*)

I think he'd pick Coward. Mention the Coward name and the Fairbanks face becomes animated.

"When he wrote 'Personal Indicative,' he used to read it aloud, chapter by chapter, to G. B. Stern and me. I helped him write it." (Did you hear *that*, Mr. Coward!)

Of course, Coward has everything that Fairbanks is prone to admire—manner, style, talent and a general worldly glamor that makes the other boys (with the possible exception of the Duke of Windsor) look like plug horses for the WPA. Besides, he's English. And Fairbanks, said to be born on Seventy-eighth Street and Broadway, takes pains to announce that half (the very broad "A" half) of his life has been spent in England.

I GUESS he rather wistfully wishes he possessed the Coward talents. Perhaps this is why he tells you about the novel that he destroyed when he became dissatisfied with the last chapter, and the trunk full of plays he says he has written, but never released for production, "as I've yet to write one that suits me."

He is about as far from being a Noel Coward as his "ex," Joan Crawford, is from becoming a Lynn Fontanne. The margin of talent is wide indeed. Trying to emulate the gifted Noel, who in three weeks' time has been known to turn out a play that runs for years, must be a terrific strain, in particular for Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.

Because it seemed as if everything he said to me had been printed in every interview ever published. Like the organ grinder—the one with the ancient machine still playing "Forty-second Street"—so Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. found out cliches. I could not understand it, until I realized that, poor boy, he might not be able to help himself. For, if all the interviews, surrounding his early life were strung end to end, well, you can readily see . . . Pickford and Fairbanks, Senior, and Joan, they must have made their indelible impressions. And now *he* is repeating the stories they used to have lying about the house.

He actually said that his advice to girls is "Be yourself," and he reached the line about Hollywood and how it stifles one and how when you come East you realize there is an outer world where things happen.

"I mean, where people are alive and vital. I mean, I like people with imagination."

He went straight through that and no doubt would have gone on to his mother being his best friend and severest critic, but at this moment that good woman entered.

She is sweetly possessive. Even if her apartment isn't large enough to accommodate comfortably a movie star, his valet and his trunks containing full glamor wardrobe, she insists Douglas stay with her while he is in New York.

"It's the one thing I insist on," she said.

Hanging from her living room wall is an enormous picture of him painted when he was quite a small boy and the grin was mostly natural. On a table stands a recent photograph. It could have stepped out of *Esquire*.

Addressing him as "sweetie" and "darling," she asked him to go inside and telephone a friend of theirs. She offered to keep me company while he was gone.

SHE is short and stoutish and has a streak of white in her bobbed hair. She is worried about her weight and is afraid of gaining.

When Douglas returned he told me he lost twelve pounds while making "Gunga Din." He's afraid of losing.

Jack Whiting, his young, handsome stepfather, stepped into the room. Musical comedy like, he smiled good-naturedly, and wasn't afraid of anything.

Then they re-shuffled themselves, and again Fairbanks, Jr., and I were alone.

"Where were we?" he asked.

"You said you were Peter Pan," I could not help reminding.

"Oh, yes. That's why I don't like the stage. It places you in too neat, too limited a square. If you are fortunate enough to be in a hit, you find yourself in the same spot, doing the same thing night after night. I can't bear that.

"I love the medium of pictures, but only when they let me have a hand in production. I like romantic, costume parts. Best of any, I liked making 'Catherine The Great.' I always wanted to do 'If I Were

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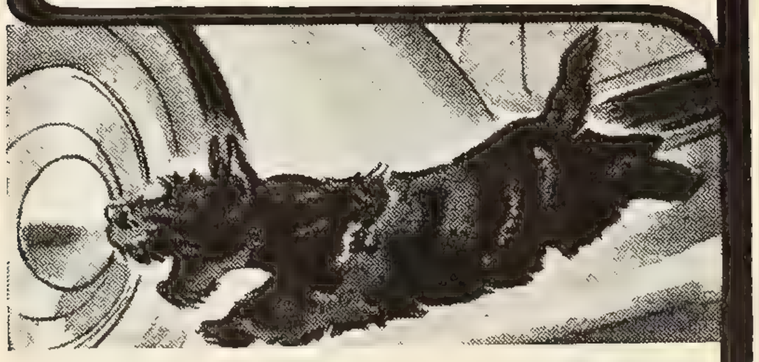


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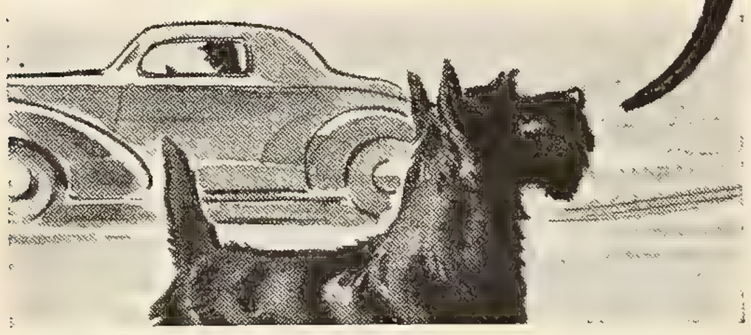
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King,' although now that I've seen Ronnie Colman in it, I don't think I could have done as good a job.

"He and Roland Young and Bob Montgomery are my best friends among the picture colony. But my two closest friends have nothing to do with the screen. One is a man, around fifty, an architect in England. The other, near his seventies, a retired scenario writer in Hollywood."

He touched on politics. Graphically his words spoke for themselves, revealing his intellect.

He thinks it wonderful that England selected such a representative figure as their ambassador, Sir Ronald Lindsay, "whom I've never met."

"I'm left," he said, "but only in theory. I can't agree with Abraham Lincoln. All men are *not* created free and equal."

From there, with the agility, already evinced in his father's gymnastics, he jumped to mental telepathy.

"It's a science, just as electricity is a science. You'd know this if you read Correll."

I felt we were over both our heads, so I interrupted with, "Do you dance the rhumba?"

"No," he answered, not omitting the English touch, "but I can do the Lambeth Walk."

At this point Jack Whiting thrust his head around a corner and reminded Fairbanks it was time to dress for dinner.

"I'd better be going," I said.

"Oh, no," said Fairbanks. "Don't mind him. I'm always half an hour late. Everyone who invites me places knows that."

Studied lateness fits in with studied casualness.

Later he walked me to the elevator. He looked very handsome, so tall that he stoops a little, so tanned that his skin has a baked golden quality. I liked his face with its features put together in rugged enough manner to remove him from the matinee idol mold. And I noticed his right ear, not matching his left, an ear with a distinct personality, standing out crazily lop-sized. I liked this, too.

IN the elevator, I thought, if he would only let his character have free play, if he would only follow the course of that independent ear, what a swell person Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., might be.

Then I remembered how young he still is and how most impressionable people still growing up are apt to take on the color of their environment, and only gradually change as that environment changes and their own souls become strong enough not to have to imitate.

And I wished I had had the courage to ask why he did not apply his "Be yourself" philosophy to Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. On second thought, I knew he would not have done so, because if he did, then Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., would automatically stop being a glamor boy. And I don't think he wants that. At least . . . not yet.

BORN TO BE A MUG

(*Continued from page 41*)

before I got kicked out. I'd beat them to it. Maybe you never forget things," John Garfield let flash his sudden, rare strong smile, "because I ran away from Hollywood after I'd made 'Four Daughters.' I thought I'd failed. I thought I'd get kicked out. So I beat it back to New York before the picture was previewed.

"Well, I tried to run away from the Patri School. I got out the back way and hoofed it across a garden. I got hauled back by the school monitors. I was in for it, I thought. I was taken to Mr. Patri's office. He asked me to sit down, like I was a guest or something. That was my first meeting, face to face, with something fine and understanding.

He talked to me, not about my attempt to run away, but about the flowers I'd trampled in the garden next door. What was he talking, Greek? He explained that flowers are living, beautiful things and that they have a right to live. And as he talked, I saw flowers, in my mind, for the first time. He asked me if I thought boys had any right to crush the life out of living, lovely things that are entitled to existence. Now, what was this? This was something new under the sun.

SO there were folks in the world who didn't beat you, didn't tell you you'd come to a bad end? I was dumbfounded. I'd never experienced kindness like this. I worshipped Mr. Patri from that moment.

"After that, he talked to me a lot. I realized later that he and his teachers were trying to help me find the thing I wanted to do, the thing I could do. I spoke some pieces at school. I liked that. I was always writing things about things I'd never heard of. I was always making up stories to tell the other kids. "Imagination," said Mr. Patri. I finally got into the Dramatics Class and for three years I ate and slept play-acting. Mr. Patri then suggested that I become an actor. An actor! That did it! That scooped up all the misdirected energy, the blind impulses into one word, into one job, into one aim. An actor! Sure!

"I wouldn't have been an actor if it had not been for Angelo Patri. There's no such thing as a 'born actor.' There's no such thing as heredity influencing a man to be this or that. If there were any such thing I wouldn't have become an actor. God knows, no one in my family was ever an artist of any kind. Nor did I become an actor as a result of revolt against the miseries of my childhood. I wasn't miserable. I led the normal life of any East Side tenement kid. And although it's a bad life, still and all it's a teeming, exciting life for a kid. So I didn't revolt. I didn't emerge from the East Side to the stage as a natural transition.

"At Mr. Patri's suggestion, I entered a national oratorical contest. I reached the semi-finals in New York and found myself something of a hero in my own neighborhood. Kids who were decent to me only when I battered their faces now considered me a hero because I had come out on top of several thousand boys and girls in a chinning contest. I found that words could do what fists had done before."

During summer vacations, too, young Garfield spent his time writing, producing, directing and starring in "sand lot" plays in the Bronx. Admission was a penny a person. The profits were used to defray the costs of sets built of old apple boxes and discarded vegetable crates.

His girl used to be in the audience at the plays, too. Roberta Mann. His childhood sweetheart. Dark and sweet and homey. Believing in him. Letting in the light, too, in her own way, which was the old sure way of love. Roberta Mann became Mrs. John Garfield in 1934.

Young John graduated from Angelo Patri and immediately enrolled at the Hecksher Foundation there to continue his dramatic studies. He paid some of his ex-

ienses out of the six dollars a week he still arned selling papers, the balance he paid ut of the five dollars which Angelo Patri oaned him each week.

He got a job with the Eva Le Gallienne Civic Repertory Company then. No salary, ut what did that matter? Worth selling ewspapers late nights in order to carry pears, speak a line now and then in a eal theatre. Angelo Patri said, "You're on our way now." Roberta Mann said, "We an wait."

The summer he was nineteen, he humbed his way clear across the conti- ent to California. He worked in fruit or- hards, saw the plenty of the earth. Why ad it been necessary to steal from push- arts? He "rode the rods" back to New ork.

A small producer offered him a role in play titled "Lost Boy," a story of life in reformatory. That was pie to do. The lay only lasted three weeks but the im- ression young Garfield made in it still asts. As an immediate result he was hipped off to Chicago to play in "Counsel- or At Law" with Otto Kruger. He stayed here six months and then was sent back to New York to join the Broadway produc- ion with Paul Muni. Muni is one reason hy Garfield is in Hollywood today— Muni and Tracy and Melvyn Douglas and immy Cagney. Because they do real ings, honest things, because they care. nd so they gave him the assurance that ou can do real things in Hollywood.

This is the young man who didn't want o come to Hollywood. He didn't want ovie money. He was broke and still he idn't want it. He didn't want movie fame. He proved that he wasn't just talking be- ause, for four years, he turned down ontracts. At last he signed with Warner Brothers because they finally capitulated



Grantland Rice's pretty child, Florence, will be with Bob Taylor in "Stand Up and Fight."

and gave him the kind of a contract he wanted. It contained a clause permitting him to go back to the stage once a year, and further provides that he may remain on Broadway for the run of the play.

He was afraid that he would fail in Hollywood. He was so sure that he had failed that, after his terrific performance in "Four Daughters," he did actually beat it back to New York. He was even more afraid of success, especially quick "overnight" success.

He saw Robert Taylor on the train when he went back to New York. He saw how Bob couldn't get out at stations for a breath of air without being surrounded, mobbed, his clothes practically torn from his back. He said, "But that is tragic, that is awful, his life is not his own, he has no freedom!"

I said, "But the same thing will happen to you."

"No!" he said, hushed violence in his voice, for he speaks quietly, "it won't. I'd quit pictures before I'd let it happen."

He thinks that Hollywood is a funny place. Especially the way some of the stars live—the limousines, the private swimming pools, the pomp and parade. These are not actors as he knew them in the Little Theatre Group, poor, struggling, sacrificing money and opportunity in order to stick together. He says, "These people out here shut themselves away from life. They become Royalists. Maybe it's all right for them. It's not all right for me.

"I don't want that sort of thing. I came, to make some money, but not for luxuries. I want it so that I can produce plays of my own some day, so that we can travel, Roberta, the baby and I. If ever I get to the place where I have servants picking up my handkerchief, I'll blow my brains out.

"We have one servant. I have a car. I'd like to buy a combination radio and phonograph. That will be good. That's all money can do for me. This industry has more to offer than money. It can raise the cultural level of the world. I'd like to be a part of that. I want to play real people. I don't care how small the parts are, so long as they are not phoney. I couldn't be a 'Glamor Boy' if I tried and I wouldn't be if I could. I'll work like the devil to do honest things. If I can't, I'll go back to the stage."

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FROSTILLA FOR Lovely Hands

T'ANKS TENTH AVENOO

(*Continued from page 35*)

that "On The Avenue," "Alexander's," "Chicago" and now "Tail Spin" have given her a little more confidence in her own dramatic ability. But each time she makes a new picture she has to prove it to herself all over again.

I asked Alice how come. She said, "I think everything we are dates back to our childhoods. I think that I could sort of knit my childhood into my life now, purl three, knit four, you know, and you would see how it all blends into one pattern.

"I wish that I had been born on Third Avenue," laughed Alice, "because 'T'anks Toid Avenoo' would make a swell title for a song or story. I'll have to say 'T'anks Tenth Avenoo' and 'Tanks 55th Street off Broadway,' where I was born, and thanks to all the other streets and neighborhoods of New York where we lived when I was a kid. We lived on so many streets, you know. We were always moving. It must have been the gypsy in us.

"Later, when I reached the ripe old age of fourteen and went on the stage, we *had* to move—to escape the truant officers who grew aged and infirm, trying to track Alice Leppert down. The fact that Bill Newsome, my first dancing teacher, and I changed my name to Faye, threw dust in their eyes. They never did catch up with me. Result: I graduated from grade school but high school never got me. And that moving business is part of my pattern now. It's the reason why Tony and I have never bought or built a home of our own. I'm afraid I'd get tired of it six months later and want to move on.

"Even the name of Faye is t'anks to Broadway," said Alice. "I took the name because I saw Frank Faye's name in electrics over the Palace Theatre. I thought 'Faye' looked so pretty in lights. Any name that made the Palace, boy, I thought that should be good luck!

"It's definitely thanks to the sidewalks of New York that I have anything now. It's because I saw so many things that I wanted—like the chance to sing, a mink coat—oh, what a yen I had for a mink coat!—perfumes, grand clothes, a tall, dark handsome husband. Sure, I've got them because I wanted them. You've got to want before you can get. That's why millionaires' sons so seldom amount to anything. They never wanted for anything. That's the poorest kind of poverty, I think, not having anything to want.

I CAN trace back to Tenth Avenue and similar neighborhoods every single thing I have. Like my perfume collection—I'm a rabid collector of perfumes. Why? Because when I was a kid my girl friends and I thought it was pretty swell to have a bottle of perfume on our bureau. If we had two bottles of perfume, that was riches, that was elegance, like actresses and the ladies in the Sunday supplements.

"In those days we'd go to the five-and-ten and buy a little thumb-nail size bottle of perfume. Many a time, after the perfume was gone, I'd fill my bottle with water and pretend it was perfume. Then Mama and I'd take walks on Fifth Avenue. We'd look in swanky shop windows and see big, expensive bottles of perfume and I'd say to myself, 'Someday *I'll* buy bottles of perfume like that—a dozen of them!' Well, I have them—dozens of them.

"I'm convinced," said Alice, her soft lips twisting in that characteristic smile of hers, half ironic, half compassionate, "I'm convinced that childhood wishes are the ones we try hardest to gratify when we grow up. And so, the more we had to wish for, the harder we try. It's when we fail to make our childhood wishes come true that we're unhappy.

"I know that I became an actress instead of the school-teacher I first thought I wanted to be because Mama and I walked on Broadway so often and I saw the names of Marilyn Miller and Irene Bordoni and others in electric lights. It all seemed to me so much more bright and beautiful than any other world that I determined to see my name in lights one of these days.

WHEN Mama and I passed the back of a theatre I always walked up the alley to the stage door, turned around and minced down the alley again, pretending that I was an actress just leaving after a matinee. Sometimes I'd stop at six or seven stage doors in the course of one afternoon. Now and then I'd catch a glimpse of an actress leaving the theatre, stepping into her limousine, wrapped in rich furs. I'd say to Mama, 'What kind of fur is that?' She would tell me, 'Mink.' I'd walk on in a trance dreaming of myself at a stage door, wrapped in mink.

"Now and then I'd see an actor come out of a theatre. It seemed they were always tall, dark and handsome. I'd think to myself, someday my prince will come—and he'll look just like that. Well?" Alice looked at me and laughed. The framed portrait of Tony Martin looked at me and laughed, too. "Well, see how the pattern is working out? If I hadn't talked like that to myself then, I wouldn't have these things. I believe in wish-fulfillment—if you wish hard enough. I wished until I nearly burst. And when such hard wishing comes true, you get a terrific kick out of it, too. That's the trouble, if any. It's so hard to believe that the wishes have come true. They still have a sort of dream quality, you know.

"Why, when I bought my first mink coat I nearly ran a temperature, I was that excited! I get a kick out of owning nice cars, too. And I have more clothes than you could count in a week. Just because of that one 'Sunday dress' of my childhood. I'm not extravagant, really. My brother Bill, who is my business manager, will tell you that I never cause him any worry. I have twenty-five dollars a week, spending money, and I never ask for more.

"But when a picture is finished I usually go on a splurge, buy a lot of slacks and sweaters and go to Palm Springs for a couple of weeks. All of which can be traced back to Tenth Avenue, too—to the days of that one 'best dress,' that one 'Sunday pair of shoes,' to the memory of how folks there always went on a little spree when a job was done or it was payday. They bought a new dress or went to Coney Island for the day.

"Tony and I have leased Oscar Hammerstein's house here in Beverly Hills. It's a gorgeous place and I love it. But I'll bet a psychologist, poking around in my subconscious mind, would find that I specially wanted that house because it belongs to Oscar Hammerstein. When I was a kid, walking up Broadway, looking up at Hammerstein's Theatre, did I ever expect to be living in a house owned by Oscar Hammerstein? I did not! See what I mean?

"It's like this problem of having to work so hard to do something I don't honestly feel on the screen. That's 't'anks Tenth Avenoo,' too, if it's anything to be thankful for. Because, on the sidewalks of

New York you have to play fast and furiously, dodging cars, snitching what time you can get away from school, or away from helping with the housework. So you must play with all your heart, making every move and minute count, and meaning it. There is nothing on earth more real than the playing of kids on city streets. It is terribly earnest.

"And it's 't'anks to Tenth Avenoo' that I hate to do fight scenes like the one just now with Connie Bennett. I know it's only acting, but if you hit hard enough it hurts, doesn't it, call it by any name you like. I saw too many kids banged up, heard too many ambulances sirening in to take the hurt ones away, to be able to smack anyone—unless they deserve it and I mean it. If they do deserve it," said Alice, a glint in her soft blues eyes, "the Irish in me takes care of that. . . .

"I still 'help with the housework.' I have servants to do most of it, of course. But whenever we are having 'comp'ny for dinner' I fuss around the table, changing this and that. I arrange and rearrange flowers, shake up the cushions, try to make things 'look nice,' again throwing-back to my childhood.

"Crowds scare me to death. I seldom go where there are crowds if I can help it. Why? Because when a crowd gathers on the sidewalks of New York you can be pretty sure there's been an accident, a kid has been hurt, there's a fire or some catastrophe. My fear of crowds is definitely a throw-back to the fear a city child feels when he sees crowds gathering.

"I'm a worrier, they tell me. Maybe that's because I grew up with people who doggone well had to worry—and not about what accessories they would wear with what sports outfit, either. They had to worry about rent and food and their husbands' jobs and all that. I worry about my job, about the script, about whether I'll be able to play the next part. A couple of years ago I wouldn't go to my own previews, wouldn't even go to theatres where my pictures were running. I had tried it a couple of times and couldn't sleep all night for thinking about how I could have done this or that scene better.



All bundled up, Sonja Henie looks over her skating troupe rehearsing fancy figures.

"I always feel most comfortable when I'm singing. I have the feeling that if my voice, such as it is, were taken away from me I'd have nothing left. That's because I sang to the strains of the hurdy-gurdys on the sidewalks of New York and the kids would flock around and listen. They seemed to like it and gave me their great, big little hands.

"I had a lot of real faith in my singing when I was with Rudy Vallee because he gave me faith in myself. I had his orchestra and his success to lean on, to be a part of. I have faith in my singing now because I feel natural singing. For no other reason, certainly," smiled Alice, "because I never took a singing lesson in my life. I must learn to have faith in myself as a dramatic actress, they tell me. The reason I haven't any now is probably because when I was a kid I never thought of myself as a dramatic actress. I guess I'm still afraid of the razzberries those kids would have handed me if I had suddenly gone Bernhardt or Grande Dame on them.

"At home," said Alice, "I don't have any problems, because I feel absolutely myself. I can relax. No one expects me to be anything I'm not. I go around singing at the top of my lungs. There's a radio in every room in our house so I always have accompaniment. Tony plays the piano beautifully—I only play by ear. He plays and I sing or he both plays and sings, or maybe he'll play and we sing together.

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IS STARDOM WORTH IT?

(*Continued from page 47*)

I would like to add that no star can rationalize a badly prepared story. I know; I've tried! The public holds a bad picture against a star longer than a good picture is remembered."

Invitations from total strangers is another thing Miss Francis can find nothing to cheer about.

"Hollywood stars are asked to parties in New York by people they've never met—publicity minded society folk, as a rule. The celebrity hunters are willing to hunt small game, shall we say modestly, or practise on us to keep in form. They ask you to teas and dinners in which you are totally disinterested."

Back home in Beverly Hills, it's almost as bad, Kay added. She is invited to press buttons opening expositions, act as hostess at the premiere of a new meat market, award the prizes at a dance class commencement, serve in a dozen and one capacities in no way associated with acting.

"Of course, I don't accept these wild invitations," she amplified, "but one is bound to give them decent consideration. You owe that courtesy to everyone. You must be tactful and diplomatic in turning down an invitation because to the person issuing them they're not as silly as they may seem to you."

Miss Francis added that she sees every letter addressed to her, although her secretary sorts the mail and classifies it according to its importance.

"My fan mail delights me," said Kay. "It comes from such unexpected places—Tasmania, Delhi, Russia! It thrills me to have people bother to write just to say they enjoyed a picture that I was in."

Another black mark against stardom, according to Miss Francis, is the ungodly hours demanded of a star. Extra scenes on Sunday, retakes until two in the morning, trailers on holidays—all for art's sake. Between pictures it is difficult to plan a vacation for fear loose ends of the last one have to be gathered up, or a new ending tacked on. A star's time is subject at all times to the call of the studio.

Kay saved her pet grievance against stardom for her final shot. "I abhor being a goldfish in a bowl, open to public inspection all hours of the day," she flashed. "I resent being asked whom I'm going to the theatre with, where I was for the week-end, and what my intentions are toward matrimony. All these things are nobody's business. Being a star shouldn't make one fair game for snooper's sniping.

"Wearing smoked glasses doesn't hide you. You can't get away from it all when your face has appeared on so many screens everywhere so many times. A star is marked as long as she is a star. Of course they let you alone when you're through." She laughed a bit ruefully. "When I fade I suppose I'll miss the pushing around. We can't be satisfied. But I would say definitely that the one thing about being a star that's hardest to take is the total lack of privacy!"

Thus Kay Francis upholds and attacks the joys and terrors of stardom, laying bare its rewards as well as deploring its sorrows. Is it worth while? Miss Francis seems to feel, womanlike, that the answer is yes and no. What do you think?

(*Continued from page 91*)

"We rehearse broadcasts together by making recordings of them at home and listening to the playbacks. We have a sixteen mm. sound projector and make home movies and run them for our friends. Tony has his friends at the house or I have mine. Most of them are our mutual friends, like Ben Oakland, the song writer, and his wife. Ben and I recently collaborated on a song. It's titled 'I Promise You.'

"Often Tony and I get in the car after dinner and drive off to the beach or somewhere, usually to get clams. We're clam crazy. We drive along at thirty-five miles an hour—I won't go faster—and sing our heads off, to the radio. We come in late and go into the kitchen and I whip up a dish of scrambled eggs and bacon or make waffles and coffee and we sit at the kitchen table and eat and sing some more. It's cosy, like it used to be back in the kitchen on Tenth Avenue.

"Sundays I like to lounge around the house in a pair of slacks and a sweater, rearranging the furniture, fooling in the garden. Tony usually plays golf Sunday mornings. My mother comes over for the day, maybe with some of her friends. Or we have a few people in for supper and play records and backgammon. I do what I feel like doing.

"People tell me that I'm not temperamental," smiled Alice. "Well, if I'm not, that's 't'anks to Tenth Avenoo,' too. I gather that being temperamental means, in Hollywood, being late on sets, staging scenes that are not in the picture, making a general nuisance of yourself. But the folks I grew up with didn't dare to be temperamental, didn't dare to be late for work, took what they got and liked it, whether they cared for it or not. There was a pay-check due at the end of the week and the check meant bread and meat and beer. There was no foolin' with it.

"I do pretty much as my studio advises me to do. A sort of Father-Knows-Best complex. This trait, too, comes from my childhood, I suppose. When I was a very small child my dad was a member of the New York Police Force, and a child knows that a cop is The Law and that you obey The Law, or else. The man at the head of the studio is, to me, what Mr. Freud would call the 'father-image.' To me he wears brass buttons and is The Law."

So it's "no foolin'" with Alice. Love. Marriage. Work—all are earnest and real to Alice. She can't strike blows she doesn't mean without just about knocking herself out in the attempt. She doesn't give the wrong answers to questions. She won't answer questions about her marriage. She will neither deny nor confirm the various rumors which have been printed about her marriage. "I won't give phony answers before I know what the answers are," says Alice.

She doesn't, she says, know what tomorrow will bring—and guesswork isn't in her line. But I venture to say that whatever tomorrow brings to Alice alone or to Alice and Tony together will be "t'anks to Tenth Avenoo." They will never do anything lightly, casually, uncaringly. If it is to be "and they lived happily ever after" it will be a warm, secure "ever after." If they are to go separate ways it will be because the very foundations of their marriage gave way, not because of a whim or a silly lovers' quarrel.

On the sidewalks of New York, where Alice grew up, marriage was, for the most part, "until death do us part." Life was like that, too, all of it. And so it is part of Alice's pattern now, purl three, knit four, "T'anks to Tenth Avenoo."

HOLLYWOOD'S A DANGEROUS PLACE

(*Continued from page 29*)

he and Mrs. Boyer entertain a few close friends.

As when, shortly before "Marie Antoinette" went into production, Norma Shearer came to dine with Charles and Pat, and the three of them spent the evening discussing Charles for the role of Louis XVI, which Norma then wanted him to play. But he didn't think he was suited to the role, either by stature or temperament and so declined, with thanks. That is characteristic of Boyer. Neither gratified pride, vast sums of money nor shinier laurels can tempt him to do something in which he does not believe. Whenever he has capitulated it has been because he had gotten himself involved in a contract which robbed him, temporarily, of the right of free choice.

NO, there is no pride of pomp and circumstance, no personal vanity in Charles Boyer. If there had been personal vanity he would not have said, as he did to me, that playing Napoleon in "Conquest" has given him more personal satisfaction than any role he has ever played on the screen.

I thought of what Spencer Tracy said just the other day, "Boyer's Napoleon should have won the Academy Award last year. He deserved it far more than my Manuel did." But in spite of Boyer's magnificent performance there were fans galore who lamented bitterly because the Boyer face was lost to Bonaparte. "We want Boyer, not Bonaparte!" they shouted.

Charles thinks less than nothing of his looks. He told me, "I dislike playing always the lover, the romantic hero who must inevitably 'get the girl.' I am sorry that it began this way for me because, in Hollywood it is hard to break away from precedent. To harp upon one string becomes monotonous. Ronald Colman, I think, chooses excellent roles. He preserves his romantic appeal but is, at the same time, a character actor with a man-sized job to do.

"I am a gambler by nature," smiled Boyer. "If I should sign anywhere a seven year contract the excitement for me would be dried up by the end of the first year. Without excitement I cannot work—I would not want to live. I do not like to feel safe. I enjoy the game of chance, not on the gaming tables, but in my own life. I want only to have enough money so that, in case of illness or old age, my family will be suitably protected.

"I have always been a gambler. I gambled when I first broke my home ties to become an actor. I threw away, for an ambition which was purely instinctive, generations of safe, conformist living, an established business, a life where I would always have known where my next full meal was coming from. For in my natal Figeac, in France, my father and my grandfather before me had been manufacturers of agricultural implements and I could have followed snugly in their footsteps. I could have been another respected, substantial Citizen Boyer of Figeac with nothing more erratic than the farmers' seasonal needs to plague my days. I threw that all away for the chancy lot of the entertainment world."

Yes, Charles Boyer threw substance and safety away for the chancy lot of the entertainment world and he became, then, the idol of Paris, the idol of all France, with every theatre in which he played a veritable hothouse of adoring women, and their escorts. Then he threw that away to come to Hollywood, to follow the demon lure of the shadowy theatre.

AND now, again, safely under the Wanger wing, he has come out from under, preferring to throw his own dice. Because he wants to do the parts he believes in. "Not Hamlets," he told me, smiling. "I am not pretentious. I want to do intelligent, simple, human pictures. No, not even an 'Algiers.' 'Algiers' is colorful. It is entertaining—but not the kind of thing I want. I'd like to play the Man of Today, with all the worry and anguish which is the lot of the average man of today, who puts so much heart and sweat into so fragile a way of living. I wonder that people do not write more stories about him, this contemporary man who is more than half a martyr."

We left the sun-deck then to go indoors, into one of the large and splendidly proportioned rooms which make Mr. Boyer's new home overlooking Benedict Canyon. It was as he gave a backward glance down the steep declivity which leads to Hollywood that Charles said, "That is a very dan-ger-ous place . . . but not the kind of danger you suppose." I was curious.

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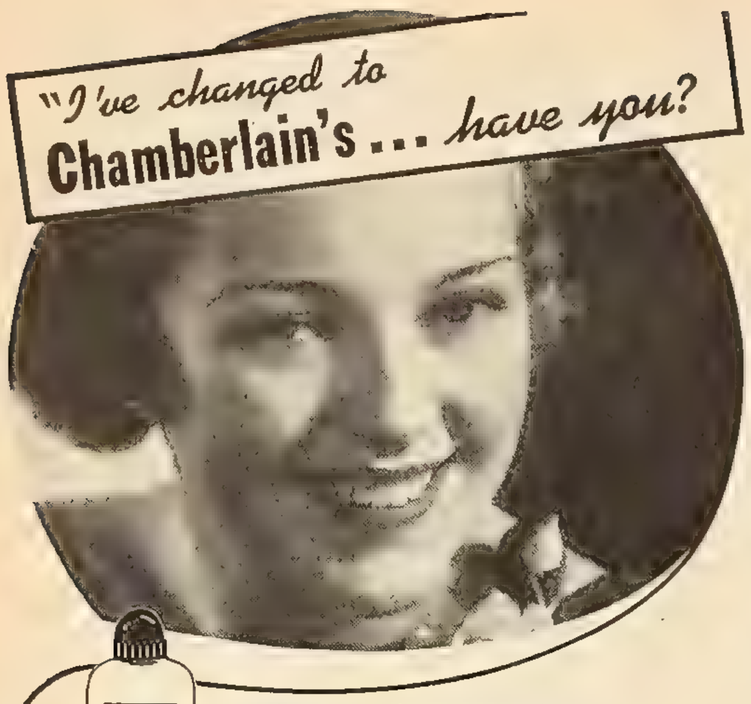
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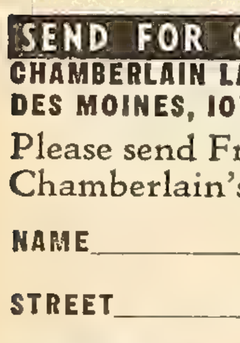
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"The kind of dangers I might suppose," I said hopefully, "would be wine, women, song, the old snares, the old traps, baited with new bewitching flowers . . ."

"No, I do not mean things like that," Mr. Boyer said, promptly squashing my erotic imaginings. "Hollywood," he said flatly and, I must admit, disappointingly, "is the safest place in the world. This sounds contradictory, but let me explain. A man is safer here than ever he would be in Paris, New York, London or Budapest. Marriage is safer here, too—because Hollywood offers a man fewer temptations than does any other place in the world.

"I," laughed Boyer, enjoying my face which was twisted into the shape of a dizzy question mark, "I am safer here than I would be anywhere else. It is too obvious here. The temptations, they are all spread out in the brazen sunshine, the romance, the intrigue, the rendezvous. When they are not spread out in the sunlight they are spread out in print, in public places where all may see and gossip and so, destroy. For the obvious is never alluring. A woman with a veil offers more provocation than a woman without a veil, but always. Hollywood is a woman without a veil.

"One knows all that goes on in Hollywood. There is nothing left to the imagination. We know that So-and-So "goes with" Such-and-Such one week and the next week So-and-So is going with some other Such-and-Such. And so it continues, forever changing partners in a pattern that never changes at all."

"But women?" I persisted. "The most beautiful women in the world are here in Hollywood working with you daily. What then?"

"It is too obvious," repeated Mr. Boyer. "Romances, intrigues must come from the outside, must come unexpectedly, must not be a part of your workaday life. Yes, as the woman from Paris entered the Casbah and the life of Pepe Le Moko, so do temptation and danger come. In Paris, London or New York, you are more likely to find romance insinuating itself into your heart. There, knocking at your door one day, emerging from some unexpected alley of your life, it is possible to meet some charming woman, to have the tête-à-tête with her, to keep your meetings shrouded in secrecy and mystery. Romance breathes best in the dark. Such chance encounters are provocative. They stir the imagination and that stirs the heart. And so romance in such cities of—how shall I say it?—crannies, can easily become insidious, tempting, where the unsecret and unmysterious romances of Hollywood cannot. Yes, it is the safest place in the world, Hollywood," said Mr. Boyer, and laughed his quiet laugh.

I said, "The women you work with in pictures, though—like Hedy Lamarr, for Pete's sake—surely they constitute temptation?"

"No," said Mr. Boyer. "No, they do not. Yes, we work with beautiful women. But you must remember that we see these beautiful women with thick make-up coating their faces, with heavy lipstick on their mouths, lipstick we must not disturb by a too-impassioned kiss. We are conscious of the woman's make-up more than of the woman herself. We are conscious, too, of the lines we must speak. These are more vital to us than the lines of the most divine figure. We are conscious of the director, the cameraman, the visitors on the sets. I say again, it is when we least expect it, it is when the stage is not set, when the lights are not on, when the lines are not written for us, that we are in danger, that romance finds us out."

"And when you married?" I mentioned.

"Yes," said Mr. Boyer, "don't you see, that was the sudden, the unexpected. I had no such thought in my mind, no wish to fall in love. In fact, the contrary. I had determined not to marry at all. I had determined that marriage was not for me. Then Pat and I met and within two months we were married. And because a gambler does sometimes put his chips on the right color, so a lover sometimes stakes his heart on the right woman and the marriage works out with unexpected substantiality and happiness.

"No, when I said that Hollywood is a



Yes, things have changed for Hepburn. Once, Katie scorned to pose for photogs—now, she's even signing autographs. Could it be because she hasn't worked since "Holiday?"

very dangerous place I did not mean it as it sounded. It is dangerous because one is apt to become mentally lazy, restricted to knowing only people who are doing the same thing as one's self, because one is apt to sink into the creature comforts and forget the discomforts of an earlier ambition and struggle—of the spirit, if you like, the discomforts which make for growth."

I said, "Are you sorry that you ever came to Hollywood?"

"I am sorry that there ever was such a thing as motion pictures," Mr. Boyer answered, slight amusement in his sombre dark eyes, "for if there had never been invented the motion picture, I would have remained on the stage. Without many of the things I have now, that is true, but owning many of the things I have not now, a sense of doing only the work I believe in. I would have been living contentedly in my little two-room apartment in Paris, still believing that such 'commonplaces' as frigidaires and built-in showers and heat that goes off and on with buttons belong only to the Croesuses of finance. But since there are motion pictures and since I am only human I am glad that I am in Hollywood because if I were not here, I am sure that I would be envying the money of Hollywood and the chance to attempt something new in a great new medium. I would feel that I was missing something, that here was a chance I hadn't taken."

I said, glancing about the beautiful rooms, "But you could live more simply if you wanted to."

"I built this house," said Mr. Boyer, "not only as my home but also as the place where I create my own vacations and my own solitude. And it has fulfilled both purposes. I take my vacations here. I do not need to go to the desert, to the mountains, to the sea. All are here. I do not leave my house to play because where is there to go in Hollywood, what is there to do? I do not care for the races. I do not care for the night club life. So I stay here on my mountain.



A sweet armful for any man—that's Anita Louise. Bob Abbott is the lucky chap here.

"Also, in Hollywood people know how you live. They entertain you in their homes and you must entertain them in your home and there must be something equal about it. In Paris you can have one room and a little kitchen and it does not matter. Either people do not know where you live or else they live the same way themselves. But in Hollywood everyone sees how you live and knows what money you make and when in Rome, I think, one should live, at least on the surface, as the Romans do. The Chinese call it 'not to lose face.' Besides, there is the advantage in living like this of giving employment to many people, to several servants. In this time, that is good."

I said, "Do you think you will ever leave Hollywood now? Not caring overmuch for the gifts it has to give, why do you choose to remain?"

"In my case," said Mr. Boyer, "I am a little stubborn. I failed here once. I do not forget that. I want to prove to myself that I do not fail again. I have now, for the first time in all my comings and goings between Paris and Hollywood, finally given up my apartment in Paris. Most of the furniture in these rooms is from my Paris apartment. I have a sentiment for old things, old associations. I have had my library built here, an exact replica of my circular library in Paris."

He explained that the books are arranged on the circular shelves precisely as they were arranged on the shelves in Paris, and I liked the way he handled the rare old first editions. His sensitive fondling of them showed how much he valued them because he loves them. "But I also live much as I lived in Paris," Mr. Boyer was saying. "A little less gaily, perhaps, because there are fewer places to go and fewer things to do. But for Pat and me, we live as we would live anywhere in the world where we happened to be."

"You mean, on a mountain top?" I asked.

And Charles Boyer answered, smiling, "Yes, that is a way to put it—on a mountain top."

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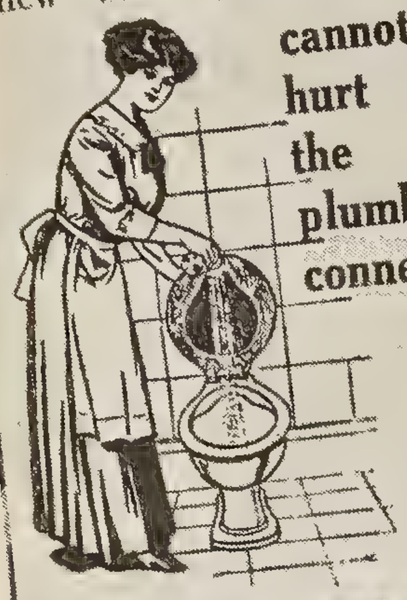


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BETWEEN YOU 'N' ME

(*Continued from page 15*)

Miss Bari did about the most thorough imitation of a box-office queen as I have ever seen done on the screen. Miss Bari has acquired the Colbert voice, mannerisms and even the Colbert bangs. There is only one Colbert and always will be.

I sincerely hope Miss Bari realizes that a star must have individuality, a definite personality, and not be a high-class imitation of Garbo, Crawford or what have you. As shown in the case of Bette Davis, a star is hindered more than helped, because fans resent having anyone muscling in on their favorites.

Though many believe Lynn Bari has what it takes to make a star, I remain non-committal. First, she must get rid of her imitations and stop capitalizing on the personality of another.—Paul L. Nemcek, Little Falls, N. Y.

$1.00 Prize Letter

Lew Ayres

Who is leading the Hollywood comeback procession? None other than Lew Ayres.

Nearly a decade ago, Lew Ayres achieved fame in that stirring production "All Quiet On The Western Front." Later, for reasons difficult to explain, his popularity seemed to wane. This despite the fact that he never failed to acquit himself creditably in any part he took.

In "Rich Man, Poor Girl," he demonstrated that he was not going to be shelved. Really, he almost stole the show. His delineation of the character of Cousin Henry with his definite social views, was distinctive to say the least.

He again scores heavily in "Young Dr. Kildare," where he is co-starred with that veteran artist Lionel Barrymore. In a difficult role he gives a magnificent interpretation of the young doctor whose unorthodox methods and indifference to hospital discipline irked his superiors.

By sheer histrionic ability and effort he is staging his comeback march. Success to him!—Lewison Anrud, Denver, Colo.

$1.00 Prize Letter

As They Really Are

I've discovered actors are very unlike the characters they portray on the screen.

Recently, I met Wayne Morris and Johnny Davis. Reel Wayne is as different from Wayne in real life as if they were two separate people. On the screen he usually typifies an earnest, hard-working, serious young man who has very little time for the lighter things in life. But, as a person, Wayne is a gay, laughing, effervescent fellow who bubbles over with the sheer enjoyment of living. He doesn't know the meaning of the words "sit still."

On the other hand Johnny Davis, a wild and woolly jitterbug in pictures, manages to be an exceedingly intellectual and well-informed person. That sense of humor still prevails but is more subdued and subtle. —Betty Lou Hodge, Washington, D. C.

$1.00 Prize Letter

"Suez"

Seeing the stirring picture "Suez" convinces one that movies are indeed a vital force in the life of our friend "Gen. Public." I doubt if there is any agency in American life which could so painlessly educate this esteemed gentleman and develop his faculty for thinking. Pictures possessing such elements of greatness combined with the human appeal which will hold the interest of "Gen. Public" will go far toward accomplishing this purpose.

"Suez" being founded on a stirring period in the world's history and one which possessed many of the same elements which make up current history gives a perspective for evaluating present events. Seeing an indomitable will conquering every obstacle of circumstance, disappointment, intrigue, finance and cruel nature jerks one out of the present weak-kneed attitude. More pictures like "Suez", please. —Mrs. H. B. Harper, Columbus, Ga.

Another year has passed, and since it was a most important one in the movie industry, we want to know how you stand on these twelve questions. The results of this questionnaire will be published in an early issue of Modern Screen. Fill in the coupon (please print) and send it to: Between You 'n' Me, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Ave., New York City.

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SIGRID STEPS OUT

(*Continued from page 49*)

This frock is an excellent choice for a number of different types, because it's young without being too, too girlish.

Another street classic designed to give you that comforting feeling of being well dressed for any occasion, except strictly formal, might be spotted on Miss Gurie by the alert Brown Derby luncheon crowd. It's the kind of an outfit you'd like to have on when you run into an old beau—or the girl who took him away from you. It's a severely tailored pin stripe suit, cunningly cut to give a feminine look at the top, further enhanced by a dainty white dimity blouse. Think twice before you adopt the hat that goes with it, though. It's an exaggerated version of the jockey cap, with that forward-jutting brim that is so apt to do unflattering things to a face that isn't "just the type."

If you crave pleats but deplore the effect they have on rear and profile view, take a look at Miss Gurie's light monotone wool street frock. You can have your youthful pleats, and your hipline, too. Notice how the skirt is cut widely circular so that the pleats blend right into smoothly fitted hips and waist, without the sign of a seam to mar your streamlines. The top is tailored, and a budget-wrecking sable scarf lends an air of opulence. Leaving out the sables, it's a grand dress for under your heavy coat right now, and it will be right at home with one of those clubby wool jackets, later in the spring.

Miss Gurie wears a becoming hat with this—one that even the untutored male can recognize as a hat. It has plenty of crown and brim, stitched all over for trimming, and the brim sweeping high off one side of the face in gay caballero fashion.

Two other members of Miss Gurie's millinery family are much less conservative. They're the kind of hats designed to lift your spirits and make you feel like a *femme fatale*—just when you were getting low because that salesgirl addressed you respectfully as "Modum," instead of calling you "Girlie."

One is a perky miniature sailor, with fat moire ribbon bows sprouting all over the top. If you can see out of both eyes it isn't on at the properly dashing angle. The other is a bit giddier—a tiny black felt "dish" full of black and blue uncurled ostrich tips, and a circular, wide mesh veil floating all around over the shoulders. Veils still have a place on the smartest heads. Once we gals get hold of something that does as much for us as a bit of veil, it's hard to separate us from it.

And don't let the giddiness alarm you. As for hats—we've got the men pretty well trained to expect most anything so, by all means, let gaiety go to your head. The purpose of a hat (feminine gender) is to be a builder-upper—not to keep the head warm. And after all, what would the poor men do for entertainment if they couldn't make fun of our hats. Just remember—your current "head man" isn't making any more cracks about your headgear than grandfather made at the expense of grandmother's Easter bonnet.

Femininity without frou-frou characterizes Miss Gurie's evening hours, both for leisure and stepping out.

Of course you know that "house coat" is the word that has supplanted "hostess gown" for everything from your little gingham morning dresses to your favorite satin lounging pajamas. Anyway, Miss Gurie's house coat is elegant in richly rustling taffeta, but it has grand lines that might easily be carried out in any other material when you feel like running up a "little something" to lounge around in. Over a slim dress of solid color crepe, goes a floor length redingote of heavy taffeta, lavishly embroidered all over with tiny flowers. The coat is sleekly fitted in princess lines, and tied at the waist in a small fat bow.

IF your neck can stand exposure, you'll probably fix a possessive eye on Miss Gurie's black dinner gown. Remember, it has only an expanse of throat to decorate it, so that had better be good. The gown holds the figure to well below the knees, where it is released in soft folds. The neckline is a deep, wide "V," and long tight sleeves join at the shoulder with the effect of being tied on. It's hard to tell whether the bodice is holding the sleeves up or vice versa. Either way, it has a flatteringly come-hither aura, if your collar bones can take it.

If you happen to have a finger length ermine cape hanging around (like the one Miss Gurie wears) it will be very good



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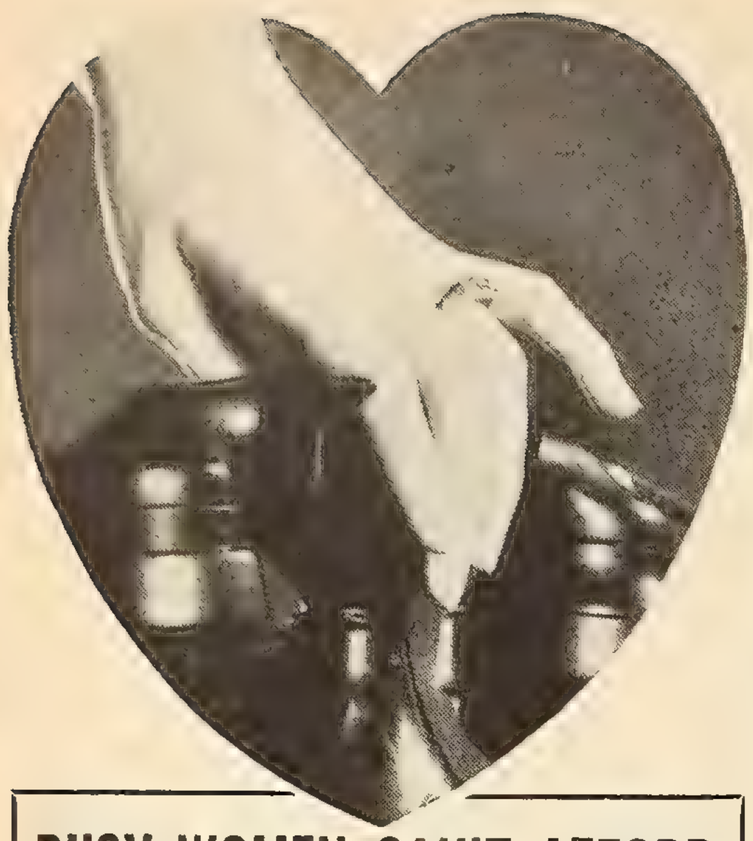
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A lamé dinner gown is more universally becoming, but it allows for no bulges—so better look into the girdle situation before you adopt it. It is metal cloth of a softly drapable weave, printed all over with small muted flowers. The bodice is fitted high at the throat, sleeves are short and a narrow velvet ribbon girdles the waist. A lavish, very silvery fox cape accompanies this frock when it goes places with Miss Gurie.

BUT don't let the fur situation get you down. Lamé and nearly all other evening materials take kindly to velvet, and velvet wraps, from short capes to sweeping floor-length princess coats, are definitely in. They may be trimmed or untrimmed. The very long ones, especially princess cut, however, present pitfalls for the unwary. Beware the matronly look they're apt to give you unless you're "teenish" enough to make impossible, or old enough not to give a darn. And all manner of inexpensive furs, even smart "immys" can be made to take the place of the higher-bracket fox and ermine with no loss of dignity and charm, but considerable saving.

The gowns described, especially the street frocks, will fit gracefully into your own wardrobes, whether you're a "Tillie the Toiler" or a Home Girl. They're simple designs with a decided air, but not such an air that you feel you should be stepping into a flare of Kleig lights when you walk out the door.

All sorts of costume jewelry, with a strong leaning to "chunks" of gold and glitter, are very good. But when you fall for a bulky piece, be sure the dress you pin it on isn't already burdened with sequin pockets or rhinestone gadgets. A simple, well-fitting dark dress is the perfect background for your favorite ornaments. So hew to your lines, and let the clips fall where they may.

GROWN-UP JUVENILE

(Continued from page 46)

"Speaking of fans, I'd like very much to find a good play. Though I'd have a pretty hard time to get one to suit me. The trick this season seems to be to portray an historical character you can both look like and play. What with Robert Morley of "Marie Antoinette" fame making such a success of "Oscar Wilde" and Raymond Massey of the English films, doing a marvellous job of "Abe Lincoln," can you imagine the sort of historical character left for me? I'm afraid he wouldn't be too interesting even fictionized.

"Next season, however, may present a new vogue with more opportunity," Marshall continued. "Gone are the good old days of the drawing-room comedy when all you had to do was balance a cup of tea on one knee and say, 'Lady Plushbutton should *never* have *worn a thing* like that, m'deah!' Nowadays you have to make a pass at delivering.

"In order to click, it seems you have to at least guide your country to safety, in the manner of Abe Lincoln, or suffer for sinning against society as the late Oscar Wilde did. All of which is quite gratifying to us 'hams.' You know, that's what actors were called in the early days of the theatre. They were known as such because they used ham fat on their faces for make-up purposes. There were no facial experts to make a prince or a pauper. That was a little job for you to figure out for yourself."

"How is it that such well seasoned hams as you, Ronald Colman and Warner Baxter can still assume the love interest?"

"Frankly, I think it's a bit of luck," Herbert Marshall began seriously. "Lord knows we've been doing it long enough to know how. And, I guess as long as we find a producer who'll give us a story, we'll continue to try and do our best.

"As a matter of fact, that's one of the reasons I like free lancing. While I may not be able to choose roles, I can at least reject those I don't like. If I were signed with any one studio, they would push me professionally, to be sure, but, at the same time I would always be around to be pushed right into any and all stories they might have on hand.

"Any actor can be miscast or appear in far too many pictures. When this happens, the public gets so tired of the sight of your face that you take a neat little nose dive. On the other hand, you can suffer immensely from poor material. Take Robert Young, for instance. He does a bang-up job when he's on loan, but when he returns to his studio, they put him back into so-so pictures. The same happens with Claire Trevor and Basil Rathbone. Both are fine artists, but no actor can be better than his material. The greatest of all playwrights, William Shakespeare, advanced this theory when the art of acting was in its infancy."

HERBERT Marshall's theories served to remind us of another case which we hope won't fall into the aforementioned category. That is, that of our favorite, Mickey Rooney. We hope that, talented though he be, his studio saves him for more of a treat than a steady diet, for of late Mickey's impish face seems to be featured in every film in which he can possibly be cast.

"Of course," Mr. Marshall continued, "there are drawbacks to freelancing, too. Occasionally, you lose an argument, after you've committed yourself on an assignment. Then, no matter how distasteful the job may be, I make it an iron-clad rule to go ahead and do it cheerfully. I feel my misunderstandings begin, and end, in the front office—and have nothing to do with the director assigned to the picture. I've been told that some actors under similar circumstances make it just a bit tough for their director, but that's only hearsay."

"Of course," we assented. "Not mentioning names, but do you remember 'Bengal Lancer?' Franchot Tone? By the way, have you heard how Bob Montgomery is doing?"

"Would you care for a spot of tea?" our genial host countered. "Last call, you know, for our little Boston Tea Party is about to begin to be through. I say there, we don't want fights really, do we? Though one thing that's jolly well worth a fight, however, is the manner in which you're rooked in New York! High prices, y'know."

To hear Mr. M. complaining of high tariffs as he roughed it at the Ritz, was a bit amusing. "I say," he persisted, comfortably seated in his luxurious suite, "*wouldn't* you care for a spot of tea?"

"'Spot,' honestly? Frankly, I thought that was an expression we pinned on you Englishmen."

We detected an amused glint in the Marshall eyes as he replied, "Certainly not m'deah fellow! Now you know it isn't a gag!" This did more to promote

international understanding than anything Franklin D. and George VI combined could accomplish.

Continuing in his clipped British manner, "It's one of the little things the English manage, no matter where they turn up. We're great home folk, y'know, and like to be able to relax in what apparently is our own place. The 'spot' helps just as the few personal things we keep around. I don't think there's anything more uninviting than the usual run of hotel rooms, do you?"

Glancing around it was obvious to what Marshall referred. For, surrounding him were his books, a few pictures and last, but not least, his own ash trays! Yep, Herbert Marshall, like many of his countrymen have that knack of making even a hotel room seem like a home. You and I would need only unpack our tooth brush and be set for a hard winter! But, not our English cousins.

While other guests of this swank hostelry might be having themselves a cocktail or two, Herbert Marshall polished off a pot of that famous brew so near, and so dear, to the hearts of the English! At that, there may be something to this "swiggin' of tannin!" It may be the property which makes these *grown-ups* juveniles!



Come on over, boys and girls, and meet America's own contender for Sonja Henie's icy crown, pretty Bess Ehrhardt, who learned to skate away up Superior, Wisconsin way. Bess brightens the "Ice Follies," Joan Crawford's latest, with Jimmy Stewart and Lew Ayres in the cast.



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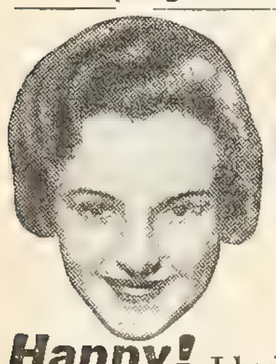
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THEY'RE SO BLUE!

(*Continued from page 16*)

somer than I, who can do them much better. "I'm Teutonic. I'm not the swashbuckling type. Yet I do not believe I'm a bad actor. If I did, I would certainly not be giving my life to this business. As it is, I have to whip myself into a false enthusiasm for these romantic roles."

"And what," I asked, "what role do you want to play?"

Freddie didn't hesitate a moment. "Oh, light comedy, of course. It's the only thing for which I'm suited.

"I want to make another picture like 'The Royal Family.' Not long ago a writer friend of mine dug up an old French play which has such a delightfully humorous flavor. I think it's so swell that I won't even tell the name of it for fear a studio would buy it for someone else. If I can't stop being romantic on the screen, then all the pleasure and excitement that I used to get from my work will be gone."

Then you take Jimmy Cagney—except he'd undoubtedly outsmart you before you could. There's a mind like a rapier in the sun. There's a flashing, brilliant personality, a man so volatile, so exciting that during the privileged moments you're in his presence you feel as stolid as a cow, by comparison. He has courage, deep convictions, ideals. His gestures are quick, but his voice is low. He's a red-headed Irishman always fighting for a cause.

"I play more or less the same type of man on the screen all the time. The public will grow sick of that man if they see me year after year characterizing him again and again. The studio will have made a great deal of money on me, but when I'm through I won't be worth a nickle to myself.

"I have to work harder than the good-looking men. The minute they come on the screen, the public is with them. They have a personality that puts them across at once. But not I. I have to give every bit of acting ability I possess to put the most simple scene across. So I must have good, sound stories. Vital, alive, vivid roles. And there aren't as many good roles as they want me to do a year." Sound, you must admit. Intelligent, yes.

So there you have a general picture of the unhappy actor and his problems. There you have thinking men who see themselves in their proper proportions and have a sincere desire to give to the screen some of the ability that they know they possess. Each has a definite role or type of role in mind. Each has more than average knowledge and power of observation.

And now consider George Raft. He's unhappy, too. "The studio," he said, "kicks me around. I get no consideration. When I kick they say, 'Georgie, why don't you be an okay guy? You used to be an okay guy when you were making two hundred bucks a week, but now you're making a big salary and you complain.'

"I figure that making that big salary shows I'm sort of a success and I think I've got a right to complain when things go wrong. Lots of the stars have their own cameramen. I haven't got my own cameraman. Lots of the stars have their own writers to work with them on stories. I haven't got my own writer.

"And even my big salary doesn't go so far. I've got to live in a nice apartment. It costs a lot of money. If I lived in some little dump, the studio would be ashamed of me."

"What do you care," I broke in, "since they don't treat you right? What do you care if they are ashamed of you?"

George shook his head. "Oh, no," he said, "I can't make the studio ashamed of me. No, I couldn't do that. You see, I try to be an okay guy, but it's awfully hard when they kick you around. And then look at the parts they give me. Just the same old thing over and over again. I think I could do something different, but I don't get the chance."

"And what role do you want to play?"

"Oh, I know what I want to do all right." His voice was plaintive. Somewhere in the general kicking around he had been terribly hurt.

"Listen," he said sadly, "I just want to wear a uniform."

And that is the Hollywood revolution. They're all unhappy, each in his own way, but George Raft is the most unhappy.

FUN AT FARRELL'S

(*Continued from page 86*)

The radio is playing something different. None of the Farrells seem bothered. The telephone rings and everybody scatters in different directions. Glenda answers the one in her bedroom, Dick makes it in the den, Tommy flies upstairs to the playroom, Aunt Margaret catches the one in the kitchen.

Jerry is calling from the studio. He will be over around eight or so. He's bringing his wife, Marsha Hunt. "Listen Dick," says Glenda in the bedroom to Dick in the den, "He's bringing Marsha!" "Hoorah," says Tommy in the playroom to Aunt Margaret in the kitchen, "Marsha's coming." They carry on an inter-household communication, entirely forgetting Jerry at the other end of the wire. And Teresa, in the hall, announces to the world at large, "I put on a plate for Marsha when the phone rang!"

Jerry arrived soon after nine. He'd already had his dinner, but he consented amiably to keep us company, although naturally he didn't want a thing to eat.

So we went in to dinner right on the dot—right on the dot of half past nine—and the boys stepped lively to see who wouldn't sit on Glenda's left. That place gets served last. Jerry took it, beaming with the light of noble renunciation.

Jerry, who would have a little of everything just to be sociable, wound up with three repeats, and even after that he eyed the platter wistfully with that famished Oliver-Twist expression in his big brown eyes. The Farrells say it's the secret of his romantic success. He looks half-starved and the girls want to build him up.

The fancy serving scissors get Tommy down. "Those things again! Why can't a man have a decent tablespoon to slide under his potato, and a fork to hold it on? Does he have to be a juggler before he can get a square meal, must he go in training, I ask you?" Tommy gives the server a pull, it comes unstuck and conveniently falls apart. The evening is a success for the scion of the household.

The telephone rings continuously. Various assorted members of the family get up to answer it. One has no sooner returned



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to the table than it rings again and another departs. Everything is just as simple and quiet as the Grand Central Terminal.

There opens a discussion concerning Tommy's future career. Everybody has a different idea. Tommy pipes up how he had sorta been considering aeronautical engineering, but he is drowned out by Dick who favors the lawyer business, Teresa who thinks doctors are nice, and Glenda who wants him to be an actor.

"When you guys decide what I'm going to be, let me know, will you?" Tommy requests, giving up and going to bed.

About that time, Glenda's best beau telephoned. Bits of romantic conversation drifted in to the table, and the family drifted out to listen on the other telephones. The boy-friend had called up to make a date with Glenda for the following afternoon—until Dick cut in, "Hey, what about that football game?" So Dick made the date with him, and Glenda came back murmuring "Fine thing! My family even takes my dates away from me!"

THE high-lights of the preceding conversation were served with the dessert—and the first thing we knew it was eleven o'clock, and dinner practically over, leaving the "evening" wide open for conversation or bridge exactly as Glenda suggested in the first place.

The doorbell rang. Mysterious expressions flitted over the faces of the boys, as they leaped to answer. It proved to be Madame's current Spanish suitor, who has not yet run the Farrell gauntlet. Jean was the one who answered the phone when he called, and invited him out. Followed Joe and Harry—invited by Dick and Tommy, also without consulting Glenda. Of course, they all thought it was a huge joke—except Glenda and the suitors.

Madame's romances are family property and the lad who can't take it doesn't get another date. Probably one good reason Glenda refuses to take any man seriously enough to marry him is that she has so much fun in her own family just as it is. The man would be marrying Dick, Jean, Jerry, Tom, and Aunt Margaret—not to mention Teresa as well—which is enough to give any man pause. Although I hear on good authority, several have been not only willing but anxious to take the chance.

The final doorbell ring turned out to be the number one guy—Glenda had made that date herself—and did she have the laugh on the family.

So we departed on that cue. Glenda and Bill took off at the same time for the Trocadero, which seemed a thoroughly superfluous gesture to me. Where, we ask you, could they or anyone find better entertainment than right at home among the Farrells, during a quiet peaceful evening?

★★ Artists and Models Abroad

"Artists and Models Abroad" can be recommended on two counts—as a picture and as a musical. The story is so good and so ably handled by an excellent cast that you would be well entertained without a single song. And when you consider that the songs are written by Ralph Rainger and Leo Robin and presented by the Yacht Club Boys, that's guaranteed good measure.

The fashion show, a perennial feature of this series, is brought into the story with such logic that the boy-friend won't squirm through the proceedings. The girls are all easy on the eyes and the gags brand new and hilarious. Jack Benny gets the best role of his screen career—and gets Joan Bennett besides. She is an heiress who joins up with Benny's troupe of starving chorus girls to escape the boredom of a life of luxury. To say there isn't a dull moment from then on is under-statement. Directed by Michael Leisen—*Paramount*



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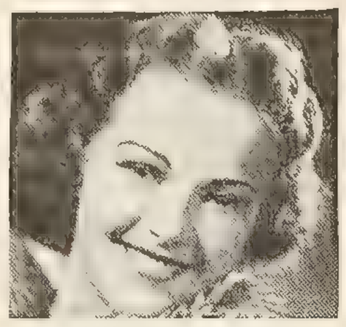


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DOING IT OVER AGAIN

(*Continued from page 6*)

After four years in stock, Mary Boland came to New York determined to get a job in a Broadway production. Such was her courage that when she was offered the lead in "Bertha, the Sewing Machine Girl," by Sam Harris, who planned to assemble a company to tour the sticks with this melodrama, she turned it down, though she needed work desperately.

Disdainfully she looked up at him. "I can't take that job," she said. "I came to New York to appear in a Broadway production. I've had my fill of small towns."

Astonished, he glanced at her shabby attire. "Thousands of better actresses than you would be glad to grab this chance."

Mary shook her head and stumbled out, to hide her tears. At the time she was walking from theatre to theatre and hiking home to save carfare.

"The first job I landed in New York was opposite Robert Edeson, in the Broadway show, 'Strongheart.' For my try-out, I borrowed some clothes from a friend.

"It was this same friend who allowed me to sleep on the couch in her flat for six months till I got this chance. That was after my credit was exhausted with boarding-house keepers. How I loath them! I always used to think that they were the only horrible type of person extant. They'd knock on your door at ten o'clock at night and yell, 'Turn out the light. How do you think I'm going to live if you keep the gas burning all night long?' They'd watch you as if you were a criminal, fearing that you'd leave without paying.

"Another thing that made me miserable in those days," Mary Boland confessed, "was receiving a bad notice. It would very nearly kill me. I remember the time a New York reviewer commented, 'Miss Boland knows less about make-up than a Sunday School amateur.' I wept for days.

"Youth gives itself tremendous importance. When we're young we believe we are the pivot of the world. It seemed to me at that moment, thirty years ago, that the whole world was reading that notice condemning me, when really no one was paying the slightest attention to me.

"I was really very naive in those days," she laughed. "When I first went on the stage an actor in the company suggested that he would come up to my hotel room and teach me how to act. At first, I thought it was a good idea, but when two other men made exactly the same offer, I realized that something was wrong and turned them all down. I never did get the benefit of their training," she said, her blue eyes dancing. She got ahead without it.

From "Strongheart" she went on to fame on Broadway, becoming John Drew's leading lady when she was barely out of her teens. At first she was known only as a dramatic actress. Her gift for comedy was discovered accidentally.

Lynn Fontanne, playing the lead in the comedy, "Clarence," left the show suddenly. Frantic for fear he would have to close the play, George Tyler, its producer, asked Mary to substitute for Miss Fontanne.

"I was horrified at the idea of playing a comedy role, for in those days I was terribly serious, and felt I had to play Lady Macbeth or nothing."

At first she refused, but when George Tyler explained that she would be helping him out, she agreed. So brilliantly did Mary Boland play her role that from that moment on she was stamped as a comedienne.

About twelve years ago she accepted an offer to make silent films.

"I hated silent pictures," she told me. "Anyone who has trained herself for the stage finds it very hard to restrict herself to pantomime."

Mary Boland, idol of the Broadway stage, proved a flop in pictures. Bitterly resenting her failure, she fled the studios, vowing that she'd never go back to Hollywood.

"If I hadn't been such a fool, I wouldn't have blamed the Hollywood producers for my failure. I would have blamed myself. For I used the same technique for the screen as for the stage. One must learn an entirely new technique for films. Besides, I was too fat at the time."

"What finally brought you back to pictures?" I asked.

"What brings everyone back?" she retorted. "Money, of course. When I sat at



Virginia Weidler and Peter Holden, the gentleman of Broadway fame, romp with this adorable Dutch Schipperke pup in "The Great Man Votes."



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Ty Power's sister tells on him in March MODERN SCREEN

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the preview of my first talking picture, I kept thinking, 'Oh, all this money they've spent. Wait till they see me. It'll all be wasted.'"

But it wasn't, for movie audiences howled with glee when they heard her silly twittering way of talking. And today she ranks among our first screen comediennes.

"Is there any advice you'd give young people on living? If you were sixteen again, would you try to have more good times?" I asked.

Her smile was a little mocking as she answered. "What do you mean—good times? People spend so much time chasing around from night club to night club trying to convince themselves that they are having a wonderful time. They sit around for hours making small talk, gossiping.

"I remember once when my mother was alive a crowd of our friends came to visit us and sat around all afternoon talking about people we knew. Whenever anyone's name was mentioned, someone found something cruel and cutting to say. It wasn't that they meant to be unkind. They were just making what they considered interesting conversation. When they left, a strange expression came into my mother's eyes.

"'For the first time in my life, I am worried about you, Mary,' she said. 'These people have so much to say against others. What do they say about you when you're not there?'

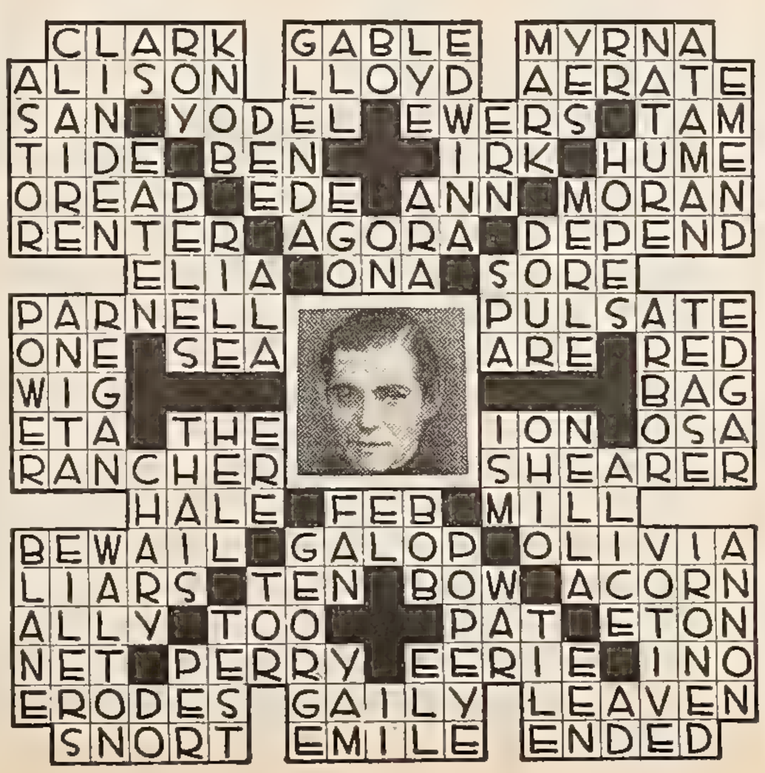
"That woke me up, and after that I was very careful to choose as my friends only people I knew to be loyal. Out of everything I've had in life, I appreciate loyalty most. I am astounded at the kindness of people. Unkind folks are the exception.

"Of course I don't blame people for being impulsive sometimes. I'm that way myself. Will I ever forget the fool I was when I grew angry at one of my friends? We had an appointment for dinner and the theatre. During dinner he was very quiet. Then, 'I'm so sorry, Mary,' he said. 'I hate to disappoint you, but I simply have to go back to the office and finish some work tonight.' I got so mad I jumped right onto his straw hat, ruining it.

"I lost the best maid I ever had by being impulsive, and letting my temper get the better of me. I went on tour, leaving my maid, Abigail, in charge at my apartment. When I returned to New York, I walked up Fifth Avenue and saw a photograph in a Fifth Avenue photographer's window that at once attracted my attention, of a girl wearing new silver foxes. The furs were my furs; the girl, my maid Abigail! Proudly, the photographer showed me other pictures of Abigail in my best gowns. Abigail was fired the minute I got home."

Today Mary Boland admits, "If I had been calm and talked it over with my maid, I'm quite sure she would never have touched my wardrobe again."

Solution to puzzle on page 106



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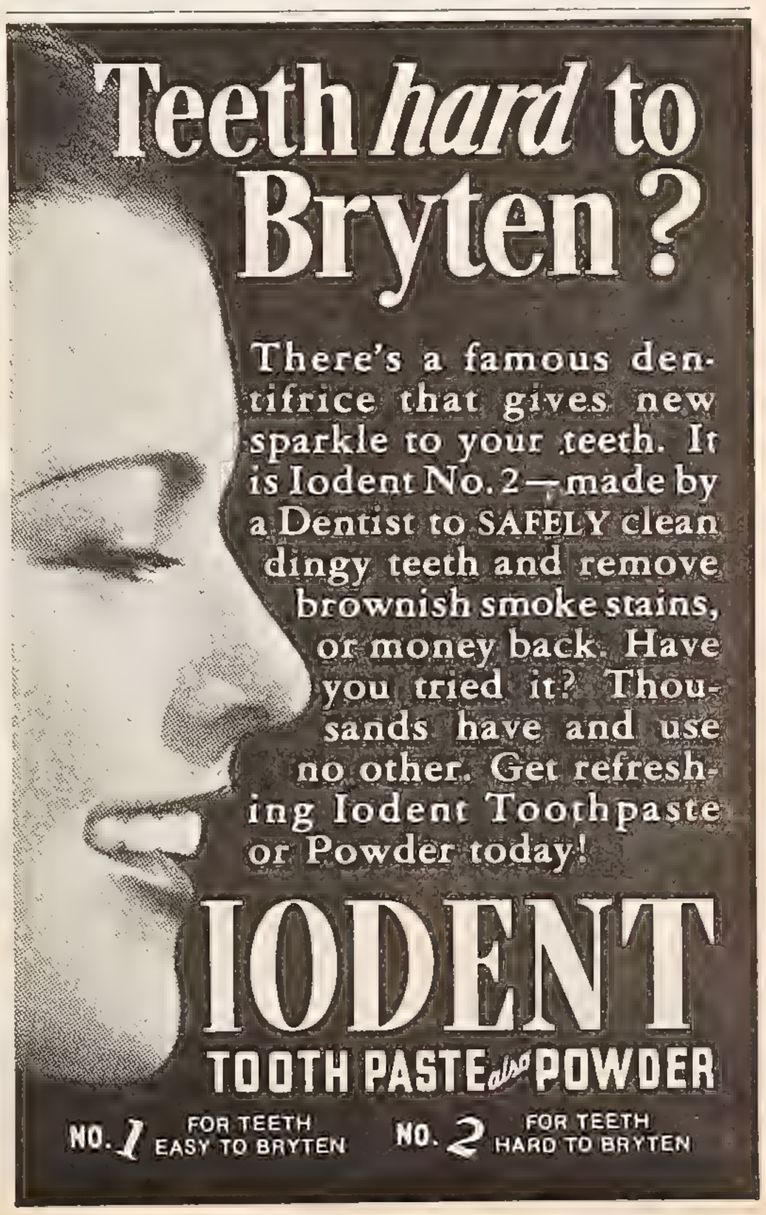
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MOVIE SCOREBOARD

Picture and Producer	General Rating
Adventures of Marco Polo (Samuel Goldwyn)	3★
Adventures of Robin Hood (Warners)	4★
Adventures of Tom Sawyer (Selznick-International)	3½★
Affairs of Annabel, The (RKO)	2½★
Alexander's Ragtime Band (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
Algiers (Walter Wanger)	2½★
Always in Trouble (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Amazing Dr. Clitterhouse, The (Warners)	3½★
Army Girl (Republic)	2½★
Arsene Lupin Returns (M-G-M)	2½★
Bad Man of Brimstone (M-G-M)	2½★
Big Broadcast of 1938 (Paramount)	2★
Blockade (Walter Wanger)	3½★
Blockheads (Hal Roach)	2★
Blondes at Work (Warners)	2★
Bluebeard's Eighth Wife (Paramount)	3½★
Boy Meets Girl (Warners)	2★
Boys Town (M-G-M)	3★
Bringing Up Baby (RKO)	3★
Broadway Musketeers (Warners)	2½★
Buccaneer, The (Paramount)	3½★
Bulldog Drummond's Peril (Paramount)	2½★
Bulldog Drummond's Revenge (Paramount)	2½★
Campus Confessions (Paramount)	2★
Carefree (RKO)	3★
Charlie Chan at Monte Carlo (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Chaser, The (M-G-M)	2½★
Checkers (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Cocoanut Grove (Paramount)	2½★
Condemned Women (RKO)	2★
Cowboy From Brooklyn (Warners)	2½★
Crashing Hollywood (RKO)	2½★
Crime of Dr. Hallet (Universal)	2½★
Crime School (Warners)	2½★
Crowd Roars, The (M-G-M)	3★
Divorce of Lady X, The (London)	3½★
Dr. Rhythm (Paramount)	3★
Drums (United Artists)	3★
Ebb Tide (Paramount)	3★
Fast Company (M-G-M)	2½★
Firefly, The (M-G-M)	3★
First Hundred Years, The (M-G-M)	2★
Five of a Kind (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Fools For Scandal (Warners)	2½★
Forty-five Fathers (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Four Daughters (First National)	3½★
Four Men and a Prayer (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Four's a Crowd (Warners)	3★
Fugitives For a Night (RKO)	2★
Gaiety Girls, The (London)	3★
Garden of the Moon (Warners)	3★
Gateway (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Girl of the Golden West (M-G-M)	3★
Girls on Probation (Warners)	2½★
Give Me a Sailor (Paramount)	2½★
Gladiator, The (Columbia)	2½★
Go Chase Yourself (RKO)	2★
Gold Diggers in Paris (Warners)	2★
Gold is Where You Find It (Warners)	2★
Goldwyn Follies, The (Sam Goldwyn)	3★
Happy Landing (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Having Wonderful Time (RKO)	2½★
Here's Flash Casey (Grand National)	2★
Heroes of the Alamo (Columbia)	2★
High, Wide, and Handsome (Paramount)	3½★
Hold 'em Navy (Paramount)	2★
Hold That Co-ed (Paramount)	3★
Hold That Kiss (M-G-M)	3★
Holiday (Columbia)	3½★
Hollywood Hotel (Warners)	3★
Hollywood Round-up (Columbia)	2½★
Hurricane (Sam Goldwyn)	3½★
I Am the Law (Columbia)	3★
If I Were King (Paramount)	4★
I'll Take Romance (Columbia)	3★
I Met My Love Again (Walter Wanger)	3★
In Old Chicago (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
It's Love I'm After (Warners)	4★
Jezebel (Warners)	3★
Josette (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Joy of Living (RKO)	3★
*Just Around the Corner (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Keep Smiling (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Kentucky Moonshine (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Kidnapped (20th Century-Fox)	2★
King of Alcatraz (Paramount)	2½★
Last Gangster, The (M-G-M)	3★
Letter of Introduction (Universal)	3★
Life of Emile Zola, The (Warners)	4★
Little Miss Broadway (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Little Tough Guys in Society (Universal)	2★
Lone Wolf in Paris (Columbia)	2½★
Lord Jeff (M-G-M)	2½★
Lost Horizon (Columbia)	4★
Love and Hisses (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Love Finds Andy Hardy (M-G-M)	3★
Love, Honor and Behave (Warners)	2½★
Love Is a Headache (M-G-M)	2½★

Picture and Producer	General Rating
Mad About Music (Universal)	4★
Mad Miss Manton, The (RKO)	3★
Man With 100 Faces, The (Gaumont-British)	2½★
Mannequin (M-G-M)	3★
Man-Proof (M-G-M)	2½★
Marie Antoinette (M-G-M)	3½★
Men Are Such Fools (Warners)	2★
Men With Wings (Paramount)	3★
Merrily We Live (Hal Roach)	3★
Midnight Intruder (Universal)	2½★
Missing Guest, The (Universal)	2★
Mr. Moto's Gamble (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Mr. Moto Takes a Chance (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Mother Carey's Chickens (RKO)	3★
My Lucky Star (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Of Human Hearts (M-G-M)	2½★
Paradise For Three (M-G-M)	2★
Passport Husband (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Patient in Room 18, The (Warners)	2★
Penrod and His Twin Brother (Warners)	2½★
Penrod's Double Trouble (Warners)	2★
Personal Secretary (Universal)	2½★
Port of Seven Seas (M-G-M)	3★
Portia on Trial (Republic)	3★
Prison Break (Universal)	2★
Racket Busters (Warners)	3★
Rage of Paris, The (Universal)	3★
Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Return of the Scarlet Pimpernel (London)	2½★
Rich Man, Poor Girl (M-G-M)	2½★
Road to Reno, The (Universal)	2★
Romance in the Dark (Paramount)	2½★
Room Service (RKO)	3½★
Rosalie (M-G-M)	3★
Safety in Numbers (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Sailing Along (Gaumont British)	3★
Saint in New York, The (RKO)	2½★
Sally, Irene and Mary (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Secrets of an Actress (Warners)	2½★
Service De Luxe (Universal)	2½★
She's Got Everything (RKO)	2★
Sh! The Octopus (Warners)	2★
Sing You Sinners (Paramount)	3★
Sisters, The (Warners)	3½★
Sky Giant (RKO)	2½★
Slight Case of Murder, A (First National)	2½★
Snow White and the 7 Dwarfs (Walter Disney)	4★
Spawn of the North (Paramount)	3★
Stablemates (M-G-M)	3★
Start Cheering (Columbia)	2★
Strange Boarders (Gaumont-British)	2★
Swiss Miss (Hal Roach)	2½★
Stolen Heaven (Paramount)	3★
Storm in a Teacup (Korda)	3½★
Suez (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Swing It Sailor (Grand National)	1★
Swing Your Lady (Warners)	2½★
Tarzan's Revenge (20th Century-Fox)	1½★
Test Pilot (M-G-M)	4★
Texans, The (Paramount)	3★
There Goes My Heart (Hal Roach)	3★
Thoroughbreds Don't Cry (M-G-M)	2½★
Three Comrades (M-G-M)	3½★
Three Blind Mice (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Three Loves Has Nancy (M-G-M)	2½★
Thrill of a Lifetime (Paramount)	1★
Thin Ice (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
Too Hot to Handle (M-G-M)	3★
Torchy Blane in Panama (Warners)	2½★
To the Victor (Gaumont-British)	3½★
Touchdown Army (Paramount)	2½★
Tovarich (Warners)	3★
Trip to Paris, A (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Troopship (Gaumont-British)	2½★
Tropic Holiday (Paramount)	2★
True Confession (Paramount)	4★
Valley of the Giants (Warners)	3½★
Varsity Show (Warners)	3★
Victoria the Great (RKO)	4★
Vivacious Lady (RKO)	4★
Walking Down Broadway (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Wells Fargo (Paramount)	3★
White Banners (Warners)	3★
Who Killed Gail Preston? (Columbia)	2★
Wide Open Faces (Columbia)	2★
Wild and Woolly (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Wise Girl (RKO)	3★
Woman Against Woman (M-G-M)	2★
Women Are Like That (Warners)	2★
Women in Prison (Columbia)	2★
Yank at Oxford, A (M-G-M)	3★
Yellow Jack (M-G-M)	3★
You and Me (Paramount)	2½★
You Can't Take It With You (Columbia)	4★
Young Dr. Kildare (M-G-M)	3★
You're a Sweetheart (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
You're Only Young Once (M-G-M)	2★
Youth Takes a Fling (Universal)	2½★

Turn to our Scoreboard when you're in doubt about what movie to see. It's a valuable guide in choosing entertainment. Instead of giving the individual ratings of Modern Screen and authoritative newspaper movie critics all over the country, we have struck an average of their ratings. You'll find this average under General Rating, beside each picture. 4★, very good; 3★, good; 2★, fair; 1★, poor. Asterisk denotes that only Modern Screen ratings are given on films not reviewed by newspapers as we go to press.

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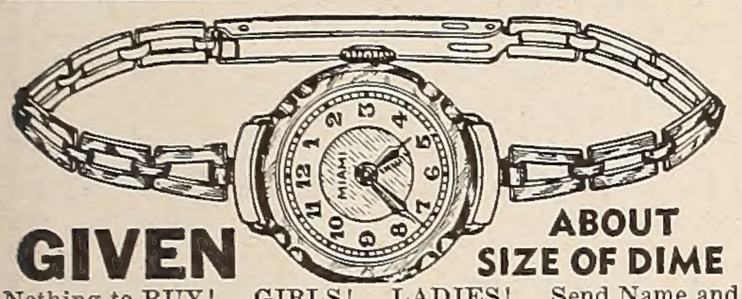


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Frontier Asthma Co., 94-D Frontier Bldg.
462 Niagara Street Buffalo, New York

INFORMATION DESK

(*Continued from page* 13)

was born in Athol, Mass. educated at Dartmouth College where he was a member of the school's championship teams of 1926 and 1927. He won his letter in both track and swimming and was a member of the college football team, then was graduated with honors. He played for three years in stock companies before going into the movies. He is six feet two inches tall, weighs one hundred eighty pounds, has dark brown hair and eyes. His favorite recreations are hunting, fishing, and writing poetry. His next two pictures will be "Rio Grande" and "Trail of the Tumble Weed."

Helen Cromwell, Wheeling, W. Va. Olympe Bradna was born August 12, 1920 between matinee and evening shows at the Olympia Theatre, Paris, France. Bradna is a noted name in the circus world. Olympe made her stage debut at the ripe old age of eighteen months and has been acting, singing and dancing pretty steadily ever since. She now lives with her parents in Hollywood. You may reach her in care of Paramount Studios, Hollywood, Cal.

Jane Templeman, Sterlingshire, Scotland. Kenny Baker was born Kenneth Lawrence Baker in Monrovia, Cal. on September 30, 1912. He has been singing ever since he was in his teens and has worked hard to get recognition. He is six feet tall, weighs one hundred sixty-four pounds, has blue eyes and wavy brown hair. He is married to a childhood sweetheart. We have no pictures of any players for distribution. Always write directly to each star in care of the studio for which he is working. Enclose twenty-five cents (one shilling) with each request. Kenny Baker may be reached in care of United Artists Studios, Hollywood, Cal.

Myrle Eikner, Ridley Park, Pa. June Lang, whose real name is June Vlasek, is the only child of a Swedish mother and a Bohemian father and first saw the light of day in Minneapolis, Minn. one May 5th some twenty years ago. She has very blonde hair, deep blue eyes and weighs one hundred and four pounds. Her next picture will be "It's Spring Again" with United Artists, Hollywood, Cal.

Virginia Ricker, Lynn, Mass. Frankie Thomas comes of a theatrical family, his father, mother and uncle being well known on the stage. He was born April 9, 1922, and went on the stage at the age of eleven. He is five feet nine inches tall, weighs one hundred forty-two pounds, has blue eyes and light brown hair. His next picture will be "Nancy Drew, Reporter." Address him in care of Warner Brothers' Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Helen Massingham, Evansville, Ind. Jeffry Lynn was born Ragnar Godfrey Lind in Auburn, Mass. February 16, 1909. He was educated at Bates College, Maine. He had planned to be a lawyer but, after a lot of ups and downs during the depression, he joined a summer stock company at Abington, Virginia. Later he played on the road and on Broadway where he had the lead in "Brother Rat." Just before Christmas in 1937 he landed a contract in the movies. You'll see him next in "Yes, My Darling Daughter." He is six feet tall, has blue eyes and brown hair. His hobbies are singing and writing. Address him in care of Warner Brothers' Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Winston Yeaw, St. Petersburg, Fla. Peter Lorre was born in Rosenberg, Hungary, June 26, 1904. He went on the European stage as a youngster in his teens and after various hardships made a big success at the age of sixteen. He later made pictures in Germany, France and England before coming to America. He is married to a former Russian actress and lives in a lovely Santa Monica home. He is five feet four inches tall, has brown hair and eyes. He is under contract to 20th Century-Fox Studios. His last picture was "Mr. Moto takes a Vacation." His next will be "Mr. Moto in Porto Rico."



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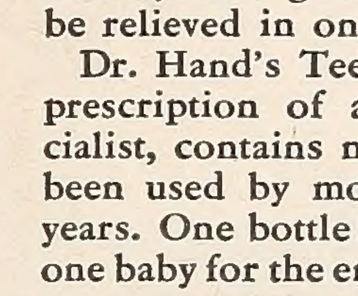
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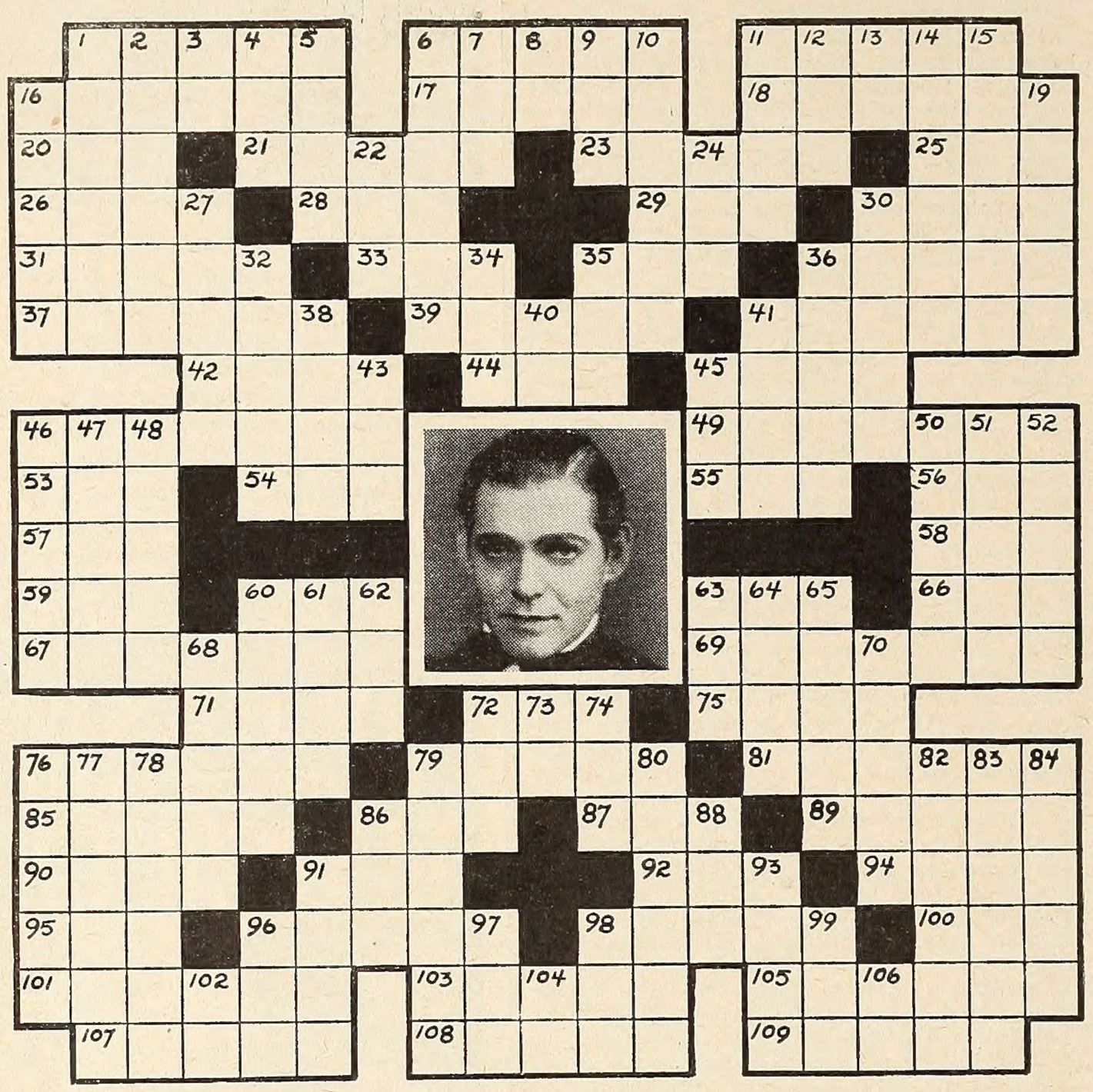
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OUR PUZZLE PAGE



• ACROSS

1 & 6. King of the movies
11. Queen of the movies
16. Polly Moran's comic partner
17. Star of "Professor, Beware"
18. Charge with air
20. Our star was in "- - - Francisco"
21. Gene Autry does this
23. Large pitchers
25. Beret
26. "Ebb - - - -"
28. Acrobatic comedian
29. Annoy
30. Wife of Ronald Colman
31. Mountain nymph
33. Holland commune
35. She's in "Room Service"
36. Star of "The Barefoot Boy"
37. One who leases property
39. Greek market place
41. To rely
42. Corn - - - - Otis Skinner
44. Il - - - Massey
45. Grieved
46. Irish patriot played by our star
49. Palpitate
53. 1 across won academy award for "It Happened - - - Night"
54. He was in "China - - - s"
55. "Women - - - Like That"
56. Color of Janet Gaynor's hair
57. Worn in costume pictures

Answer to Puzzle on Page 103

58. Pouch
59. Greek letter
60. Our star has been cast for "Gone with - - - Wind"
63. Electrified particle
66. Mrs. Martin Johnson
67. Our star is one
69. Star of "Marie Antoinette"
71. Actor in "Listen, Darling"
72. Birth month of our star: abbr.
75. Ray - - - - and
76. Lament
79. Lively dance
81. Heiress in "Four's a Crowd"
85. Prevaricators
86. Our star is one of the "Big - - -"
87. Former "It" girl
89. Seed of the oak
90. Associate
91. 1 across is in "- - - Hot to Handle"
92. Male lead in "Garden of the Moon"
94. English school
95. Trap
96. Joan - - - - -
98. Atmosphere of mystery films
100. Rita Cans - - -
101. Eats away
103. Merrily
105. Make light
106. Sniff violently
108. "Life of - - - - - Zola"
109. Concluded

• DOWN

1. Heroine of "Valley of the Giants'
2. Cecilia Parker's reel sweetheart
3. "- - You Like It"
4. New western hero
5. Door handle
6. Torchy Blane
7. Everything
8. Where our star is king: abbr.
9. Caustic soda
10. Feminine lead in "Trader Horn"
11. Director of "Carefree"
12. Affirmative vote
13. Wayne's pal in "Brother Rat": init.
14. "Back to - - - - - -"
15. Cossack chief
16. She was in "Woman Against Woman"
19. Correct
22. Leading lady in "If I Were King"
24. Sea eagle
27. Consumed
30. Trusts
32. Deletes
34. Self
35. Silent siren: Theda B - - -
36. Beauty of "The Cowboy and the Lady"
38. To vex: colloq.
40. Our star played in "Mutiny - - the Bounty"
41. Ned Spark's expression
43. Wing-like part
45. Mineral spring
46. Star of "Suez"
47. One of "The Sisters"
48. Jayne - - - - -
50. Shaded nook
51. To beg
52. Charlie McCarthy's better half
60. Opera by Massenet
61. Remember 1 across in "- - - - Divers"?
62. Before
63. Doctrine
64. State where our star was born
65. Character actress
68. Frugal
70. Star of "The Girl from Brooklyn"
72. Ardent movie enthusiast
73. Swedish comedian
74. Star of "The Arkansas Traveler"
76. Wife of Norman Foster
77. One of the "Condemned Women"
78. His first name is Douglas
79. Male lead in "Secrets of an Actress"
80. Spinach-eating cartoon hero
82. Consecrated by a vow
83. Pressed
84. Peggy Sh - - - - -
86. Jutting rock
88. Theme of "Blockade"
91. Our star was a "- - - - Pilot"
93. Marble slab
96. Through
97. The new Astaire-Rogers dance
98. Cloth measure
99. Even: poet.
102. Perform
104. Roman numeral
106. Paid notice

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Beautiful Eyes

THE GIFT OF *Eye Beauty* CAN BE YOURS INSTANTLY WITH *Maybelline*



Are you getting your share of popularity these days? Don't waste precious time just wishing and waiting. It's much more fun to step up your charm—and you can do it so easily. A few simple brush strokes of Maybelline Mascara—either in solid or cream form—and you'll discover a more fascinating *you* than you ever knew existed.

For this Mascara *is* different. It goes on divinely—makes your lashes look dark and long—with a sweeping loveliness so *natural* it just seems they grew that way! And it won't betray your beauty by smudging off on your skin. No garish, "too-made-up" appearance—no embarrassment of stinging, streaming eyes. Both forms of Maybelline Mascara are harmless, tear-proof, non-smarting.

Bring your eye-brows into line smartly and easily with Maybelline's smooth-marking Eye-brow Pencil in a matching shade. Trim eye-brows, you know, add grace and character to your appearance . . . And for extra-special allure, try a delicate shading of creamy Maybelline Eye Shadow over your upper eye lids. See how it gives your eyes exciting depth and brilliance.

Why wait another day for this new glamour? You can now get generous purse sizes of all Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids at 10c stores.

Maybelline THE WORLD'S LARGEST SELLING EYE BEAUTY AIDS

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Maybelline Solid-form Mascara in smart, non-breakable gold-colored vanity, 75c. Refills, 35c.

Maybelline Cream-form Mascara in convenient zipper case, 75c. Shades — Black, Brown, Blue.

Maybelline smooth-marking Eyebrow Pencil in Black, Brown (and Blue for eye-liner).

Maybelline Creamy Eye Shadow in Blue, Gray, Blue-Gray, Brown, Green or Violet.

Maybelline Special Eye Cream to keep the skin around your eyes soft and youthful.

WITNESSED STATEMENT SERIES:

113 YEARS

–the Ball family has been "in tobacco"...

James M. Ball, like his father before him, is a tobacco auctioneer. For 24 years he's seen who buys what tobacco. Mr. Ball says: "Luckies buy the finest 'center leaves.' So I've smoked them since 1917." Most other independent tobacco experts also smoke Luckies.



Easy on Your Throat–
Because "IT'S TOASTED"

Copyright 1938, The American Tobacco Company

Have you tried a Lucky lately?

Tobacco crops in recent years have been outstanding in quality. New methods, sponsored by the United States Government and the States, have helped the farmer grow finer cigarette tobacco. Now, as independent tobacco experts like J. M. Ball point out, Lucky Strike has been buying the cream of these finer crops. And so Luckies are better than ever. ***Have you tried a Lucky lately?*** Try them for a week. Then you'll know why...

WITH MEN WHO KNOW TOBACCO BEST–IT'S LUCKIES 2 TO